The ARYAN PATH

Vol. XXXIII AUGUST 1962 No. 8

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"THEOSOPHY HALL," NEW MARINE LINES—BOMBAY, INDIA

THE ARYAN PATH

ORGAN OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

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CONTRIBUTIONS—The Editor is responsible for unsigned articles only and is not necessarily in agreement with the views of the contributors, to whom free expression of opinion is given.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—THE ARYAN PATH is published monthly. No subscriptions are accepted for less than twelve months, but subscriptions may begin with any desired number. All orders should be accompanied by the necessary remittance to the Manager, THE ARYAN PATH, 1/1, Bugle Rock Road, Bangalore 4, or to our London Office at 62, Queen's Gardens, London, W. 2.

PRICES:

India—Single copy 75 *naye paise*; per annum Rs. 6.00

Europe—Single copy 1*s*. 6*d*; per annum 12*s*. or equivalent.

Americas—Single copy 35 cents; per annum $3.00

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255, Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Back numbers are available on special application

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIII AUGUST 1962 No. 8

THE MAKING OF TOMORROW

[WE reprint this Editorial from THE ARYAN PATH of April 1944.—ED.]

THERE ARE no miracles in nature. Everything that happens, happens under law, eternal, immutable and ever active, however veiled its workings are from ordinary sight. Probably not a statesman could be found who would demur to those propositions in theory. And yet it is as miracle-workers extraordinary that most planners of new orders stand forth on the world stage. A "new world" with the same prejudices and pettiness in all of us? A "new world" with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as before? Will that not be the same old world, behind however smiling a new mask?

Man, alone among beings, having free-will has the power to break the fundamental law of harmony that underlies all life. But, having broken it, he does not have the power to side-step the reaction. That will follow, as inevitably as the living bough pressed down springs back.

The world today presents a study in reactions — all the sufferings in which so many are involved, the reaping of old poison-crops long sown. But if old scores are being paid in misery, new bills are being run up with a recklessness that threatens future moral bankruptcy. The voices raised against indiscriminate bombing and the other horrors of war are not the voices of sentimentality but of practical common sense. But they are few and faint and they are quite drowned out. The one such voice which could make itself heard above the tumult of our times is forcibly silenced. It is posterity which will have to pay the bill that we are running up, for the excesses committed by both sides in this great war. What will be the verdict of posterity on the long denial of Gandhiji's guidance to the world which so sorely needs it? Time will show.

Meanwhile the world-planners are trying to solve their problems and ours without taking adequate account of the primary factor of continuity. It is true but to a limited degree that each dawn represents a fresh beginning. We start that day afresh, but we start inevitably from the point that we had reached the day before. Every morning represents an opportunity to further the successes and repair the faults of all the yesterdays. But it is never a clean slate the new day offers us. Why hope therefore that victory will serve as a damp sponge to wipe out all our errors and the foolishness that sometimes breeds more woe than wickedness itself?

The makers of tomorrow can no more build a new world out of nothing than could the Deity Itself. It is the attitude of the true scientist that they require. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, he doggedly maintains. What can any world, any situation, be but the result of permutation or of combination of pre-existing elements? Ideal solutions made *in vacuo* can be of little practical avail.

When a new material structure is to be erected, the plan must take account of the materials available. And a sorry lot of materials are our world architects confronted with! Timbers half eaten through by the white ants of race and colour prejudice. Girders half rusted away by superstitions and animosities in the name of religion and by materialism in the name of science. To use these as they are is to invite disaster. We cannot scrap them altogether; they are all we have. But they must be treated, the depredations of the rust and termites checked. If they are adequately treated and reinforced with the concrete of right intent and brotherly good will we can yet raise a better edifice than any that humanity has known in modern times.

But the foundations must be well and truly laid. Unless the superstructure rests on justice, they will labour in vain that build it. As Lincoln truly declared, "Nothing is ever settled that is not settled right."

The most critical moment of this war will come when the leaders sit down at the peace table. Upon their attitude, their breadth of vision, their will to even-handed equity, their freedom from vindictiveness and prejudice, or the reverse, will largely rest the future of the world for many years to come. And right attitudes are not gained overnight. We must begin their cultivation now, and that not in world figures only, but also in the rank and file, without whose moral support any leader is a general without an army at his back. *We* are the makers of tomorrow — all of us.

Thread by thread the web of the present could be traced back to the past. Thread by thread in the present we are weaving the web of the future. Let us not weave the old unhappy pattern, but plan with vision and begin today to make a better, happier tomorrow.

PRAYER

This is my prayer to Thee, My Lord. Give me stimulus
To serve the cause for which Thou sent me to this universe:
To have faith first in this humble self which is Thy abode
And, then on, have faith in Thee and Thy magnificent Code:
To love my avocation howsoever menial,
But ever to keep my head aloft to a height real:
To labour incessantly without waiting for the fruit
But keeping the mind ever and ever fixed on Thy flute:
To love men and serve, but yet remain unattached and free
And to keep myself free from the greed of the Forbidden Tree:
To keep myself ever away from all habit unchaste
And all frivolous and evil talk and uncanny haste:
To embrace whatever happens and hug it as Thy Grace
And ever to remain calm and content and sing Thy praise!

A. B. Ghosal

THE SERIALISM OF J. W. DUNNE

[**Shri S. Subhash Chandra** was formerly Lecturer in Philosophy at Osmania University. At present he is attached to the Universities of Cologne and Bonn upon a Research Fellowship from the West German Government.

This is the second part of the essay; the first appeared last month. —Ed.]

II

Having dealt with the intellectual background of Dunne, we shall now present a concise account of his work. According to Dunne, reality, in whole and in part, is regressive in character. Every facet of the world is founded upon a perpetual regress. The theory of the infinite regress is the very corner-stone of the doctrine of Dunne. Unlike other systems of thought which envisage all forms of endless regress as dangerous fallacies to be avoided at all costs, Dunne postulates the regress as the sole substratum of reality. In the regress Dunne locates the key to an understanding of every branch of life. Allied with this regress is another feature of the philosophy of Dunne, *viz.*, the serial nature of the universe. The reality is not only regressing perpetually, but is also doing so in the form of a series. The regress of Dunne consists not just of a simple recession; it takes place in a serial framework.

In his writings Dunne has presented a very incisive analysis of the concept of the regress. He even claims that his work contains "the first analysis of the Time Regress ever completed." According to him, the infinite regress, which is the hallmark of the universe, is the most compelling fact of our life. The infinite regress is characterized by a "damnable logicality." The infinite regress, Dunne asserts, is mathematically inevitable. This inevitability stems from the very character of a regressive series stretching endlessly. The word "series" connotes a basic recurrence of relationship. The series embodies a peculiar linkage of the items concerned. Dunne avers: "A series is a collection of items linked together, chain-fashion, by some recurrent relation."[1] Now when we study any series, we are struck by a remarkable fact, *viz.*, the immense importance of the second term in it. In fact, the very nature of the series is revealed in the second term. Pointing out this fact, Dunne observes: "It is essential that we consider the series so far as to include the second term, otherwise the serial relation will not be fully disclosed."[2] In any series

[1] *Serial Universe*, p. 23.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 24–25.

the first term is a bare assertion, a mere premise; the third term is a sheer repetition of the second one. In other words, not only does a series take shape in the second term, but it is also to all intents and purposes completed therein. Dunne elucidates this noteworthy feature of a series by several examples. To take only one illustration: in a genealogical series we find that a child is a creature who had a parent, etc., etc. Here the child is the first term, the father is the second term, the father's father is the third term, and so on *ad infinitum*. It will be seen that the first term is just a premise and the series is not yet formed. In the second term, the series is formed, *i.e.*, a certain recurrent relationship is formed. It is also palpable that the third term is fixed by a mere repetition of the relationship formed in the second term. To sum up with Dunne:—

> The extension of a simple series to infinity involves some necessarily dual character in its terms. But, to discover that dual character, we must trace the series so far as its *second* term. . . . And it may be noted that the third and remaining two terms do no more than repeat the information already asserted by the second term.[3]

Before we deal with the application of the infinite regress to time and the universe, we should like to mention one other point. The regressive series of Dunne involve not just a bare repetitious recurrence, but a recurrence that is, aside from its own status, inclusive of all terms lower than itself. In other words, any term in the series of Dunne is neither a reproduction nor an aggregate of the preceding terms, but is all those terms plus its own self. In short, the series of Dunne are ascending and inclusive in nature.

Dunne establishes the serial nature of the universe primarily by showing the inevitability of the infinite regress of time and consciousness. His argument for the regressive character of time is based upon the view that we endure *in* time and not *with* time. In other words, we pass through time and not ride upon it. Our temporalities are not contemporaneous with time, but find a passage through it. It is this view of time that enables Dunne to propound the maxim: "Motion in Time must be timeable." Now, if this axiom is true, then we clearly get two times, *viz.*, the time of the temporal movement (endurance) of anything and, secondly, the time which times this temporal movement itself. But, then, only a little reflection will suffice to show that this time which times the temporal movement in the first instance requires another time to time it, and so on *ad infinitum*.

---

[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 24–25.

Now we approach Dunne's argument concerning the infinite regress involved in self-consciousness. The argument is an old one. It had occurred to Descartes, but was rejected by him due to the regress involved. *Cogito ergo sum,* declared Descartes, and Dunne is pleased to agree with the French philosopher. But, he asserts, you cannot just stop there. You are not only a self-conscious creature (a "thinking thing" as Descartes would put it), but you are also conscious of your self-consciousness. But the receding trend does not stop even here. It must perforce stretch to infinity.

Now, the common view of reality consists of four dimensions (length, breadth, depth and duration) and the self-conscious observer. The four dimensions represent for the self-conscious observer its field of presentation. This self-conscious observer observes time as something composed of three pivotal phases, *viz.,* the past, the present and the future, and he inhabits the perpetually shifting "now" or the present moment. We have already seen that both the time dimension and the observer are regressive by nature. We have also seen that a peculiarity of the regress both of time and of consciousness is that they are inclusive of all the terms of the series lower than them. Consequently, we find, firstly, that the time and the observer of the common-sense view of the world are not ultimates of existence, but are ultimately merely $time_1$ and $observer_1$, and that they must regress to $time_2$ and $observer_2$, who in turn regress to $time_3$ and $observer_3$, and so on *ad infinitum*. Secondly, we notice that $time_2$ is inclusive of $time_1$ in such a manner that the observer comprehends the past, the present, and the future of $time_1$ as constituting his present moment. Similarly, $time_3$ envisages the three phases of $time_2$ as representing his "now," and so on *ad infinitum*. We also notice that $observer_2$ who finds his field of presentation in $time_2$ comprehends in an inclusive fashion all that is present to $observer_1$; and $observer_3$, it is palpable, contains all that is present to $observer_2$ (and, therefore, $observer_1$ also, since $observer_2$ is comprehensive of the consciousness-content of $observer_1$), and so on *ad infinitum*.

Having presented a sketch of the outstanding features of the theory of Dunne, we should like to refer to some criticisms made upon it by various writers. The writings of Dunne, whatever other merit they may have, are certainly provocative enough to incite a ponderous body of comment and criticism. We shall here allude to only a few of the important criticisms made upon it. The critical observations of C. D. Broad are well known. The core of his criticism is that the regress of Dunne is basically vicious and that it proves, if it proves anything at all, the un-

reality of time. The arguments of Dunne, Broad maintains, serve only to fortify the contentions of the Absolutists like Bradley and McTaggart against the reality of time. Another critic, Miss M. F. Cleugh, has made the following criticisms upon the contribution of Dunne: Firstly, Dunne's *Zeitanschauung* is far too spatial. Thus, he speaks of time as if it were a road upon which our temporalities traverse, or something in which we move. Secondly, even if we grant the validity of the regress, Dunne does not show how this regress is explanatory of time. The regress, in a word, is a description of time and not an explanation of it. Finally, Dunne's theory is far too simple (or far too good) as an account of precognition to be valid.

Aside from these attacks, we should like to make the following critical observations upon the contribution of Dunne.

Our first criticism centres upon the procedural difficulties of Dunne. He has needlessly sought to give his theory a mathematical form. Apart from adding to the difficulties of his readers, we find that Dunne's mathematics serves only an illustrative purpose; it embodies clarifications, not arguments. This engenders confusion not only for Dunne's readers (who are misled into a vain search for arguments among the far too many graphs, diagrams, geometrical figures, and algebraical equations of Dunne) but also for Dunne himself, who often forgets the illustrative nature of his mathematics and wrongly reckons his illustrations as the substance of his arguments.

Our second criticism is that Dunne has not carried out the analysis of the infinite regress to its logical end. The infinite regress involves not only endlessness but also beginninglessness. It is illogical on the part of Dunne to start from a so-called time_1 and then work up to an infinite recession of dimensions. If the so-called time_1 is followed in a regressive manner by infinite dimensions, then it is logically unavoidable to envisage also an infinite regress *preceding* time_1. Dunne himself appears to have realized the illogicality of his regress, and has been constrained to speak of the Ultimate Observer and the Absolute Time.

Dunne's conception of time is fundamentally spatial in character. He conceives time as if it were a sky-scraper with a ground-floor but endless stories. His theory suffers from all the defects peculiar to the spatial view of time.

Again the relation between the observer and the corresponding dimension is vague and ill-defined. It even seems to be arbitrary. As a matter of fact, the observers of Dunne lack identity. They are just

numerically arranged and in a highly dogmatic manner we are told that a certain observer corresponds to a certain time. Indeed, we know nothing about the observers of Dunne. Lacking identity, they can hardly be distinguished from one another.

Dunne's conception of the universe is based upon an inconsequential logic, but a rich imagery. Dimensions upon dimensions are piled upon one another, and the factor of regress is stretched to a really preposterous extent.

Finally, the theory of Dunne contains no epistemology. It is not an ontology. It evades all questions pertaining to the reality or the unreality of time without offering any reason for it. It is claimed to be an experiment in time, although the subject-matter of the experiment remains suspect. Although no ontology, the theory of Dunne makes all the claims that only an ontology is entitled to make.

This, in brief, is our understanding and appraisal of the theory of Dunne. The theory has an undoubted merit in so far as it incarnates a philosophical approach to the problem of precognition. It represents the point of confluence between philosophy and parapsychology. Dunne is probably the only non-professional thinker whose writings have attracted the attention of philosophers all over the world. Among the men of letters, H. G. Wells, Gerald Heard and J. B. Priestley were never tired of showering encomiums upon Dunne. J. B. Priestley has even written a play based upon Dunne's theory. It is manifest then that, notwithstanding its many shortcomings, the theory of Dunne embodies an interesting phase of the contemporary approach to the problem of time.

S. SUBHASH CHANDRA

TIME is a certain part of eternity.

—CICERO

THE RHYTHM OF ACTION IN THE DRAMA OF SHAKUNTALA*

[**Shri V. K. Chari**'s examination of the *Śākuntala* was made first, as he explains in a footnote, for an American university audience. It contains a thoughtful tracing of the element of pattern, of the large significant outline, from indications in the text. The suggested use of the concepts of *sattva, rajas* and *tamas* is interesting. The *Śākuntala* is inexhaustible in human truth and craftsmanship alike; Shri Chari elucidates his chosen aspect with care.—Ed.]

Francis Fergusson, borrowing Kenneth Burke's phrase, has traced a threefold progression "from purpose, to passion, to perception" in the drama of *Œdipus Rex*.[1] This threefold movement is basic to all dramatic development — particularly to that of tragic drama, which proceeds from complication (purpose), to crisis (passion), to resolution (perception). This rhythmic pattern may be found to accord with the laws of organic behaviour. Granting that all organic behaviour is purposive, we have in any organic experience, especially when that experience is such that it yields a climax of satisfaction, initially a purposive start or the excitement of purpose, followed by an acute condition of that experience (crisis) and its final fulfilment following the climax. This concept of triadic structure is best developed in the Hegelian dialectic: thesis, antithesis and synthesis; position, opposition and reconcilement; stated in terms of dramatics: complication, crisis and resolution.

The Sāṃkhya theory of *Guṇas* (properties) is also a triadic structure: *sattva* (a state of illumined poise born of the inner harmony of impulses); *rajas* (activity, or a springing into "kinetic" action from the former "potential" state of poise); and *tamas* (literally darkness — inertia, manifesting itself as a certain blinding or dulling of senses and perception as in anger, infatuation, drunkenness, etc.). Again, *sattva* may be interpreted as the primal state of tranquillity or *Śānti, rajas* as a perturbation of that state, itself in turn leading to *tamas* or a crisis of blinding passion. All *rasas* or dramatic emotions are a manifestation of the two latter conditions (*rajas* and *tamas*) and result from an agitation of the original state of poise: *sattva*. The drama of emotions springs from a

*This paper, based on lectures delivered at New York State University College, New Paltz, for the G.E. 101 (World Literature) course for 1960–61, is dedicated to the students of that course, who provided the occasion for this study. The translation of the Sanskrit play followed is that of Monier-Williams.

[1] *The Idea of a Theatre,* Chapter on *Œdipus Rex.*

perturbation of the primal poise. The *Śānta rasa* or the mood of serenity, which corresponds to *sattva*, is of course not one of these dramatic moods, for it is not a state of activity or *rajas*, but a cessation of all activity or a state prior to activity; it is not, strictly speaking, a *rasa*. Hence Bharata's *Nātya Śāstra* enumerates only eight *rasas* (*nāṭyē ṭvaṣṭarasāḥ smṛtāḥ*), though later commentators added *Śānta* as a ninth one.

The action of the *Śākuntala* would seem to follow a threefold development. Though the play is not strictly a tragedy, the tragic emotions are fully exploited; it is a powerful drama of emotions. But these emotions arise as a perturbation of an original state of serenity. The whole rhythm of action in the drama resembles the rippling on the surface of a pool, caused by the pelting of a stone into its still water; soon the ripples widen into spreading circles till they grow faint and disappear on the edges and the pool is once again still. Love comes as a great perturbation in the serenity and stillness of the hermitage. It develops into a crisis of passion causing self-obsession and forgetfulness. In the Repudiation scene and the King's anguish following it the rhythm of feeling develops into a genuine tragedy. Finally, with the calming down of the tragic perturbations, reconciliation is effected and serenity and poise are restored.

Thus, there are three points in this movement: Love, Repudiation and Reunion, which correspond to the three *Guṇas* and elaborate three major *rasas*. Thus *sattva* (poise, serenity) is embodied in the life of the hermitage; *rajas* (passion) is manifested in the love of Shakuntala and Dushyanta; and *tamas* (darkness) in Shakuntala's distraction and the King's forgetfulness; and finally, a restoration of *sattva* with the transformation of passions. In terms of the *rasas*, the action moves from *Śṛṅgāra* (love) through *Karuṇa* (tragic pity) to *Śānta* (serenity). These three are the basic moods elaborated (*sthāyībhāvas*); *Vīra* (heroism) and *Hāsya* (humour) are also introduced as incidental or transitory moods (*sancāribhāvas*). Thus we have:

Śānta: serenity prior to the action (*sattva*)

Śṛṅgāra: Love (*rajas*)—Acts I–III

Karuṇa: Repudiation, tragic passion (*tamas*)—Acts IV–VI

Śānta: *Reunion, serenity* (*sattva*)—Act VII

Let us now follow out this threefold development in some detail. The Prologue introduces the sense of atmosphere and imagery appropriate for the first movement in the rhythm, namely, *Śṛṅgāra*. The enchanting song of the actress is also beautiful poetry and introduces the

dominant symbolism of the play: that of the flower and the bee.

> Fond maidens, chosen of their hearts to please,
> Entwine their ears with sweet Śirisha flowers,
> Whose fragrant lips attract the kiss of bees,
> That softly murmur through the summer hours.

The opening of the First Act is a marvel of poetic description — the realistic portrayal of an action, the hunt — and of dramatic propriety. The sentiment elaborated is the "heroic." But the arrival on the scene of the hunter-king comes as an impingement on the sylvan world of the hermitage, as a devastation. This is brought out by a most striking image in the remonstrance of the hermit: "like fire upon a heap of tender flowers." The same sense of invasion of the holy retreat is later in the Act suggested by the account of the frightened elephant in its mad career.

With the entry of the maidens of the hermitage there is a transition from the heroic *rasa* to *Śṛṅgāra*. The scene that follows is incomparable for its beauty, and is a marvel of dramatic skill. Dushyanta's encounter with Shakuntala must be an unexpected one, must come to the hero as well as to the audience as a complete surprise. Hence the dramatist prepares a context for the encounter. The thrill of the king's encounter with Shakuntala is realized when we remember that the king, frustrated in his chase, runs into an altogether unexpected kind of game, in a most unexpected quarter, in a completely unexpected way. The initial chase of the deer (also symbolic for the meaning of the scene) turns into a different kind of chase after new game! The poet creates the atmosphere for an incident by means of suggestive or symbolic devices. The "marriage" of the jasmine creeper and the mango tree is such a device, intended to prepare the bee incident which provides the dramatic context for the encounter, and further acquires symbolic significance in the scene. The bee's assault on Shakuntala is the symbolic presage of the male's entry upon the scene. Dushyanta's own symbolic self-identification with the bee is felt completely when he enviously looks on the bee sipping

> Voluptuous nectar from her lower lip!
> While rising doubts my heart's fond hopes destroy,
> Thou dost the fullness of her charms enjoy.

But the scene also marks the beginning of a perturbation. "From contact springs desire" (*Gita*, II. 62). Shakuntala feels this perturba-

tion in her heart: "How is it that the sight of this man has made me sensible of emotions inconsistent with the religious vows?" By the end of the Act the King is already in the grip of a powerful emotion: "Shakuntala has taken such possession of my thoughts, that I cannot turn myself in any other direction." Then follows a most exquisite simile which provides the most appropriate objective correlative of the king's mood:—

> My limbs drawn onward leave my heart behind,
> Like silken pennon borne against the wind.

Act II is only a sequel to Act I and contains little action; it may be considered a protracted interlude linking Acts I and III. In Act III the *Śṛṅgāra rasa* receives its fullest elaboration. Love develops into an overpowering passion; it becomes a distraction. Consumed by their passion, the lovers present a piteous spectacle of emaciated frames. The pangs of their love are indeed felt so acutely that they can be suggested only by the fire of Shiva's wrath or the smouldering flame in the secret depths of the ocean. The second encounter between the lovers is rendered with extreme delicacy and sensitiveness. But the highest moment comes when the King takes Shakuntala into his arms and raises her face to kiss her:—

> ...to allay
> The raging of my thirst, e'en as the bee
> Sips the fresh honey from the opening bud.

But the timely (or untimely) arrival of Gautami on the scene breaks up the union. The whole experience, by the elusive quality of its beauty, partakes of the nature of some exquisite dream shattered at the very point of fulfilment. And Shakuntala is left bitterly repenting:—

> Oh, my heart! Thou didst fear to taste of happiness when it was within my reach. Now that the object of my desires is torn from thee, how bitter will be thy remorse, how distracting thine anguish!

The Interlude to Act IV is a turning point in the drama. Shakuntala's love has been consummated, but now with Dushyanta's departure it becomes an obsessing thought and causes self-forgetfulness in her. As her friend Priyamvada reports: "She can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger." As the *Gita* says: "From infatuation arises loss of memory; from loss of memory the destruction of intelligence" (II. 63). There are ominous hints and tragic forebodings. Anasuya says:—

> Although, dear Priyamvada, it rejoices my heart to think that Shakuntala has been happily united to (her) husband . . . nevertheless, I cannot help feeling somewhat uneasy in my mind.

The curse of Durvasa casts the spell of tragic doom. The Farewell scene (Act IV) is a poetic elaboration of the *Krauṇa rasa* and prepares the mood for the Repudiation. The tenderness and pathos of the Farewell serve to accentuate the tragic pity of the Repudiation. The loss of recollection that Dushyanta suffers is caused by a temporary obscuring of his mind by the clouds of *tamas* (darkness). The rhythm of action reaches a point of tragic crisis, almost catastrophic in character. But the knot of the situation is cut by supernatural intervention. Shakuntala is borne up to heaven by the nymph. Act VI is an aftermath of Act V brought about by the token of recognition, and develops the King's anguish of remorse and tragic obsession. But recollection has dawned on him and he feels that the strange veil of delusion that overcame his spirit has been lifted:—

> It is past,
> Whatever the spell that bound me.

He also recognizes that his forgetfulness was caused by his "infatuation." "But, hard-hearted man that I was, I forgot to fulfil my promise, owing to the infatuation that took possession of me."

In these scenes, no doubt, the drama develops into a genuine tragedy. But the dramatist does not allow a tragic ending. Of course, Sanskrit drama does not permit tragedy; it has no genuine tragic view, no conception of sin and retribution, or of tragic fault or *hamartia*. In the Indian view human life is not doomed to disaster, nor is human nature irredeemably sinful. Though mistakes arise they are but a temporary obscuring of the vision by the forces of *tamas* or darkness, and when the veil of ignorance and infatuation is removed the mind shines out in its crystal purity. Error and evil do not pertain to the essence of human nature, and are in fact alien to it. King Dushyanta's forgetfulness is described as a passing spell of delusion, a dulling of the senses, and its removal is followed by recognition.

> Soon as the spell was broken, and his soul
> delivered from its darkness. . . .
> So on the tarnished surface of a mirror
> No image is reflected, till the dust
> That dimmed its wonted lustre is removed.

The clouding of recollection in the King is, of course, caused by

the Sage's curse. But the curse itself is not, like the Fate in Greek tragedy, an inscrutable force, but is produced by Shakuntala's inattention to spiritual duties, and is intended to awaken her spirit from infatuation. There is also the philosophical attitude of the Hindus which regards passion as an evil — a manifestation of *rajas* — and holds its subduing as the ascetic ideal. With the passing of the infatuations, the person is restored to a state of *sattva* or serenity, stillness and reconciliation. The love of Shakuntala and Dushyanta, at first arising as an infatuation, is purified in the fire of separation and emerges at the end in a highly chastened form. Act VII consummates Reunion. The drama ends in a pure and tranquil atmosphere. Quite significantly, the scene of this joyful reunion is Kashyapa's sacred retreat. The action which arose as a perturbation of the quiet of Kanva's hermitage has completed its cyclic motion and now ends in the blissful retreat of Kashyapa.

Certain other points that are essential for a correct appreciation of the drama might also be considered. Perhaps one other reason why the drama does not end tragically is that tragedy could not have proceeded from the character of its protagonist; Dushyanta is not a tragic character. One clear demonstration of this fact is in the Repudiation scene, in which the King, during his critical confrontation with Shakuntala, exercises remarkable self-restraint and acts according to what he deems to be proper (*dharma*). He exhibits no symptoms of any fatal flaw. With Œdipus or Othello in his place tragedy might have resulted.

The scene of Reunion (Act VII) is another supreme example of Kalidasa's dramatic sense. During the King's meeting with his child the dramatist deliberately delays revelation and exploits the suspense of the situation to the maximum. The recognition is effected by slow degrees. One is reminded, though of course in a different way, of the Agons in *Œdipus Rex* in which Œdipus gains perception of his identity by gradual steps, in a manner that excites the greatest amount of dramatic suspense. But when Dushyanta is united to Shakuntala after a long and painful separation, their meeting, though packed with the greatest excitement of joy, does not give rise to scenes of passionate exclamations or outbursts, but is treated in a much subdued tone with extreme delicacy. When Dushyanta reveals his identity and addresses her, all that Shakuntala can say is:—

> May my husband be victorious — (she stops short, her voice choked with tears).

Another vital aspect of the drama is its poetry. As in most of Sanskrit drama there is in the *Śākuntala* an abundance of verse. But the important question to be asked is whether all this verse is dramatically required, whether it possesses strict dramatic utility. The only excuse for poetry in drama is that it has a dramatic function, that it is dramatically adequate. T. S. Eliot has laid down the test for us:—

> It [poetry in drama] will only be poetry when the dramatic situation has reached such a point of intensity that poetry becomes the natural utterance, because then it is the only language in which the emotions can be expressed at all.

Judged by this a large part of the verse in *Śākuntala* would seem to be purely decorative, and not inevitable. That all of the poetic passages in it, though they may be beautiful poetically, have a functional justification is to be doubted. Such are some of the verses in the opening of the First Act, in the Second Act, in the opening of the Seventh, to mention but a few. These are purely descriptive verses. (The love of the Sanskrit poets for description or *varṇana* is of course notorious.) Sometimes, the verses in the *Śākuntala* convey no intense lyrical feeling, and in such cases are hardly distinguishable from prose and might as well have been put in prose. To pick out but two at random: the verses in which the King reads out his proclamation to Vetravati (Act VI) and the last verses of the same Act are not poems by any standard, except that they are in the verse form; and they serve no dramatic purpose. Conversely, sometimes prose passages are highly poetical in tone and image. Any passage picked out at random will substantiate this. Such is the following from the Seventh Act:—

> KING: Tell me, Matali, what is that range of mountains which, like a bank of clouds illumined by the setting sun, pours down a stream of gold?

On the whole it would seem that in this play Kalidasa has achieved a degree of artistic balance between the dramatic and poetic qualities, by subduing the poetic element in the interests of dramatic utility. For one thing, the poetic descriptions, as in Shakespeare, invoke before the eyes of the audience a vivid picture of the scene and the sense of atmosphere, and thus make up for the absence of scenery on a relatively simple stage. Moreover, the poetic medium is best suited to the evocation of *rasas,* which is the object of dramatic representation in Sanskrit drama. The poet-playwright dwells on each situation or mood in the play and entices from the audience a series of emotional responses. The essence of

drama lies not in the mere telling of a story or straight enactment, but in this poetic elaboration of the sentiment. Much of the verse in the play may be justified from this point of view. But then, this elaboration is often carried to the point of saturation. Moreover, the heavy overlay of poetry tends to retard the speed of action, as the poetry invites a rather static mood. For example, while Dushyanta and Matali ride in Indra's chariot (Act VII) all movement is apparently under suspension for the long space of over two hundred lines. But this delay (which is nothing but a lyrical digression) might be practically required to render the surprise of the Reunion scene all the more effective. The dramatist seems deliberately to postpone the climax of reunion to render it all the more intense.

V. K. CHARI

THUS SPAKE BHARTRIHARI

Know Thyself

The skies may all their secrets yield to thee
And empty all their treasures Earth and Sea;
All this alas! Poor Soul, availeth nought.
Know Thyself and all blisses thine will be.

Translated by R. C. SHAH

TOLSTOY'S "BREAD LABOUR" AND THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY

[**Mr. Michael Byrom** writes as usual with complete frankness and with some force. This article may sound stark in places, but it puts forward an important idea. It would be a pity to suppose that Mr. Byrom is making or this journal publishing an attack upon the greatness of Tolstoy: Mr. Byrom rather elucidates the context of Tolstoy's earnest thought, and brings out the utter need today of the deeper truth urged by Jesus: that the concerns of the earth are not to be allowed to enchain the soul, whether of the rich man or of the poor. The health and comfort of the masses is a proper ideal; but its value is only in that it can set free from obsessive concern with trivial matters the minds of those whose lot is so bettered. If it breeds instead a brazen scorn of the things of the mind, the soul and the spirit, can we be sure that their last state is not worse than the first?—ED.]

"TAKE YOUR PLACE in the ranks, set to work with your weak unskilled hands at that primary work which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked: at bread labour, the struggle with Nature." Thus wrote Leo Tolstoy seventy odd years ago, haunted by the appalling economic conditions of Tsarist Russia in which a handful of idle aristocrats and government officials lived splendidly at the expense of the destitute peasantry. The contrast between the pitiful plight of the over-worked and poverty-stricken peasants and the corrupt, frivolous and self-indulgent ruling class was inevitably the chief obsession of every man with a conscience and a private income in the nineteenth century, to whom a walk in a public street was an agonizing personal reproach. Tolstoy's income was no greater than that of the average landowner, but his conscience was, and remains, one of the noblest to have emerged from the human race. His mature works, which include *Resurrection* but not *War and Peace* or *Anna Karenina* (which latter two the novelist himself did not value highly in later life), are the living expression of moral anguish. In a civilization more remarkable for its scientific ingenuity than for its moral vitality, these works remain unnoticed except by a small minority who are often classed as cranks, as was Tolstoy himself. The publication of much of his writing was prohibited in Russia.

The secret of Tolstoy's greatness is his magnificent consciousness of good and evil, while the secret of his greatness as a writer is the directness and simplicity of his mind. There is a childlike quality about the greatest geniuses which is especially noticeable in Tolstoy. For him,

life was not complex; it was a simple matter of conduct; the choosing of good, or right action, and the rejection of evil. It puzzled and anguished him to see that men could live lives of appalling cruelty and selfishness and yet believe themselves to be virtuous. The Russian peasantry was ruthlessly exploited, starved, imprisoned and scourged by self-respecting officials who were often good husbands and kind fathers in private life.

The explanation of this paradox is simply that the problem was a matter not only of morals but also of economics, which was not understood by Tolstoy, who was exclusively a moralist. The answer has proved to be not "Bread Labour For All' (which is "Poverty For All") but "More Machines" (which is "Enough For Everybody"). Although Tolstoy was Darwin's contemporary, he did not comprehend the basic evolutionary law that scarcity results in the domination of the many by a small autocratic class. When a decent standard of life is only possible for a few, everybody will struggle for it and those who succeed must subjugate the rest to maintain their position. Christian morality or modern socialism cannot take root in such a soil, which is to say that agricultural and industrial development must precede moral development in the evolutionary programme.

Yet this fact does not make life any easier for the man with a sensitive conscience living at a time of social injustice, and he will oppose the injustice although his own decency probably depends upon its continuance. For, paradoxically, at such a level of social evolution, there can be no high culture and thus no more than a primitive morality without a leisured class, which means, without the subjugation of the working people. Poverty may suit saints, yet it should be noticed that most of them come from the well-to-do and from backgrounds where it is possible for the finer sensibilities to develop. It is hard to imagine a saint among Neolithic men.

Again, without culture, there can be no science and thus no deliverance from slavery. Nine-tenths of any leisured aristocracy will consist of selfish idlers indifferent to the suffering of their victims, whom they will see, quite accurately, as a menace to their security; but from the remaining tenth, the inventions which alone can improve conditions will spring. Tolstoy, exclusively moralist, tended to dismiss art and learning as superfluous because it did not benefit the peasantry; that is, because its price was their demoralization. He did not see that where there is no art and learning, everybody is demoralized.

The quickest way to emancipate the masses in a pre-scientific

society is to exploit them, because it is only through the concentration of leisure within a select class that any progress is possible. Tolstoy was born leisured and so never had to struggle for leisure; yet like any other saint, he would no doubt have resorted to beggary and chastity had he been threatened with the necessity for continual bread labour. Leisure, for Tolstoy in daily contact with the decadent life of the Russian ruling classes, meant "idleness." In fact, it means "freedom," freedom for self-development. The man of talent struggles for leisure as ruthlessly as any aristocrat who has nothing more in mind than frivolous amusements. Genius is notoriously egotistic and never neglects its development through moral considerations; for that would be like a flower refusing to open to the sun out of sympathy for the weeds in the garden. Such selfishness is really self-sacrifice, and although they may not spare others, men of this sort are equally regardless of their own welfare.

In short, Bread Labour for Beethoven, Edison and other liberators of the human mind is no solution either to poverty or social injustice, while it would cripple culture. Literature has sustained an incalculable loss through Tolstoy's lamentable practice of making his own boots, and, if the pioneers of modern technology had followed his example, half Europe would still go barefooted. Jesus's advice to consider the lilies of the field, which is a beggar's belief in beggary as being a better means of subsistence than working for a living, is more sensible than Tolstoy's. Unlike some of his contemporaries, no one would call Jesus an egotist today, yet he preferred to devote his life to preaching salvation of the soul rather than to abusing his energies by undertaking manual labour.

Today we can see where Tolstoy was wrong and why Jesus was right. A prosperous multitude may be an improvement on a degraded multitude, but without spiritual enlightenment, it remains as far from salvation as a corrupt aristocracy. By itself, too much prosperity simply increases the capacity for self-indulgence. This is why Jesus, in the midst of want, had the audacity to emphasize the importance of the inner life. Without an inner spiritual change, outward material prosperity must lead through a mounting crisis to catastrophe. The depressed masses of the nineteenth century, pitiful in their poverty, are seen today in their increasing luxury as a menace to culture and a danger to civilization, which is being sedulously poisoned by their low tastes, gross materialism, and incontinent breeding. The thousands of family people sprawling along the sands at any summer resort and differing from each other scarcely more than mosquitoes, are clean, literate, well-

fed, well-dressed and happy, but are as spiritually damned as the Jewish multitudes or the starving Russian peasants. The detached Tolstoyan conscience no longer contemplates them with shame; it contemplates them with fear. The fear is not a bodily fear but a spiritual fear; for the virtual abolition of poverty is resulting in the gradual asphyxiation of culture by the poisonous gas of the mass-mind. (This is even more true in Russia than in the West.) The danger is known but cannot be over-emphasized, as the diagnosis amounts to a condition of spiritual decadence for civilization.

The liberating power of science has resulted in the rejection of religious belief, for which it has substituted a philosophy of materialism, the worldly religion of the masses. For the disciples of scientific materialism consist mainly of the common people themselves. Science is proving a cultural menace because in addition to robbing life of its spiritual values, it has released the destructive force of the mass-mind, previously rendered impotent by its poverty and degradation.

The materialist notion implicit in the ideas of so many economic reformers that regular employment plus education and a decent standard of living can transform a labourer into a philosopher, is a fallacy. Legislation, education and automation are not magic wands capable of producing a Golden Age. The Golden Age or the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and without an inner rebirth, the common man can only develop and refine his existing vices until he has become as rotten with "good living" as a company director. A taste for *pâté de foie gras* is merely the love of fish-and-chips or Lancashire hot-pot refined. The stomach is the relevant organ in both cases.

Psychologically, the common man is an animal; that is, he lives primarily to breed and indulge his various carnal appetites, stupefying the human consciousness which prevents complete animal oblivion by means of alcohol and perpetual distractions. He can develop and refine this psychological capacity, but to transcend it, he would have to cease to be what he is.

At the end of his life, H. G. Wells made the following remarkable pronouncement:—

> Man must go steeply up or down, and the odds seem to be all in favour of his going down and out. If he goes up, then so great is the adaptation demanded of him that he must cease to be a man. Ordinary men are at the end of their tether. (*A Short History of the World*)

Like the dinosaur, the carnal man has exhausted his evolutionary

possibility and must give way to a new biologically dominant group — or civilization will collapse. In terms of evolution, mankind must produce progressive genetic mutations or perish. In terms of the New Testament, the Way of Life is for the chosen and the wicked shall be cast into Hell.

The rising tide of mass-mind animalism and materialism is a swirling flood of the forces of darkness which threatens to extinguish the lamp of the spirit and to plunge the world into another Dark Age of the soul. Previous Dark Ages have been characterized by barbarism, brutality and lawlessness; but, assuming that nuclear war is avoided, the current relapse is more accurately one of civilized indulgence and complacent intoxication, which is spiritually more dangerous because it is physically less dangerous; in fact because, physically, it is positively pleasant.

Yet this phase was inevitable. A lasting civilization founded upon human degradation and slavery is mercifully impossible. Liberation from Bread Labour can only be achieved through science, which it is futile to oppose because of its morbid effect upon culture. The true evolutionist is not as pessimistic as H. G. Wells because he is not so short-sighted. The New Man in the present age must suffer and perhaps perish under the pressure of his isolation. But this has often been his destiny and does not mean the final triumph of evil. In a prehistoric community, individuals manifesting the first signs of sensitivity and introspection must have perished at once, which did not seal their extinction but merely confirmed that their appearance was premature. In the meantime, there is much good work the New Man can do by awakening the spirit of Truth.

MICHAEL BYROM

PUZZLE

Above the city
The clouds are pieces of a puzzle
Scattered by hands unknown
While pigmy people
Swarm Lilliputian streets
Far below,
People, clouds, and streets
All parts of some great puzzle.

HERBERT BLUEN

BRITAIN'S GREEN BACKGROUND AS A SYMBOL

[**Mr. C. D. Dimsdale** writes informatively and with a pleasant, unobtrusive feeling of an aspect of Britain that the generalizations about "industrially advanced" Britain are apt to forget. The countryside has been a very potent force in the making of the genius of Britain. Not even when he was thinking of building Jerusalem could the great William Blake forget that it was to be in "England's green and pleasant land."—ED.]

AS A NATIVE OF ENGLAND I most readily think of some aspect of its incalculable weather when tempted to generalize about the country. After the unusually fine stretch of 1961 weather from early spring to August, enough rain was mingled with "bright patches" to restore to the autumnal countryside a green hue rivalling the spring, and more noticeable as tree foliage thinned. Many visitors were struck by this particular phenomenon, and compared the drier and sear grasslands of their own country at the approach of summer's ending.

The people of Britain on the whole do appreciate their country's green of grasses and trees, that owes much also to the silver meshes of small streams and rivers that never have to travel far (by Continental standards) to reach the encircling sea. All too often, however, as is the sea itself, they are polluted by industrial effluents.

Popular appreciation of the countryside for its own sake has not prevented wide-spread and often irreparable damage to rural beauty with the growing influx of visitors and "commuters" from the towns. So, whatever they may feel about the beauty of the country, you are more likely to hear people grumbling about wet weather, though this is rarely and never regularly very excessive. Fine dry weather for only a fortnight ranks as a "drought." If such a drought lasts a few weeks longer than a fortnight there is a chorus of complaints about disaster threatening crops. (Actually some of the crops seem to benefit by the fine spell. Agriculture in Britain, long before the coming of machinery, had been adapted to the mild but changeable climate.) And the dry spell always causes shortages of water supplies in many areas, though it is said that nobody in Britain lives more than ten miles from water. In spite of many large reservoirs today, conservation of water is still lagging behind need, and so is irrigation. These facts are probably as puzzling to people in other countries as their problems are to the British. The modern farmers in Britain are catching up with some results of long neglect,

but there is still a curious official and public inertia, only to be explained by the fact that the much abused climate is a very kind one.

But, again turning the coin over, the people are at heart close to the land still, and have given impressive support and co-operation to various organizations devoted to preserving especially fine countryside and historic buildings.

Most striking since the last world war has been the growth of interest in "nature," a popular term for both the beauty and the rich forms of wild life in the country. A great deal has been done to check the worst damage of indiscriminate shooting of birds and animals, the careless starting of fires and the application of certain noxious chemicals to the land, whether as fertilizers or as pesticides.

The enormous damage that can be caused by the misuse and overuse of chemicals in agriculture to increase production has been realized most drastically in the United States, where, in obedience to scientific advice, severe restrictions are now being observed. Perhaps it is characteristic of Britain that the most positive results have recently been achieved by the continued investigations and publicized reports of naturalists concerned at the destruction of insects, birds and mammals, all part of vital chains of natural processes that make a land fertile. The naturalists rouse public conscience and sentiment first; then the government may take action, supported by an official economist.

Educational propaganda, on the whole well supported by the press, has thus been remarkably successful in impressing the majority of people. But such success was prepared for long since by the popular feeling for growing things, possibly a reaction originally against the rapid industrialization of so many areas in the machine age.

The huge London area is the most obvious example of this. Both in the central region and in the seemingly endless suburbs there are hundreds of thousands of small carefully tended house gardens, and also a fair number of "allotments," patches of ground allotted to private growers of vegetables. Many of these have been closed and restored to the public park or other recreation ground which they formed part of before they were taken during the last war for food production. I well remember the startling changes made in many places by the activities of Tom, Dick and Harry, who seemed to get results by hand-work with a speed worthy of a big mechanized vegetable farm. Yet the gardeners were usually workers in factories and offices.

If the allotments are less noticeable now in the London area there are still countless window-boxes (especially favoured by the people with

no garden of their own), and the owners usually keep these window-boxes bright with flowering plants of some kind for about three-quarters of the year.

The impression of greenery in London, which best evokes a general picture of the country as a whole, is largely due to the many public gardens, and little old churchyards, too. A few of the larger parks, usually dating back to the last century, were creations of fine landscape gardening originally. It is noteworthy too that many of the famous country mansions and smaller dwellings like manor houses, once belonging to a local landowner, have gardens that are often as fine as the mansions, and to which the public goes on certain days for a small entrance fee, such money often being intended for some good cause like the fund for help to members of the nursing profession, or another for old gardeners. It is, to be honest, just as typical of today that some of the largest mansions and grounds open to visitors in return for the owner's charge of, say, half-a-crown to five shillings are means of collecting revenue. The owners, with titles of aristocratic landowning families, often seek with business enterprise publicity to encourage new "record" totals of visitors for the season.

These perhaps confusing pictures of apparently contradictory attitudes and actions are certainly elements in the character of England, if not applicable in quite the same way to the smaller branches of Britain — Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland. But that is, for the present, another story.

In the past two years I had occasion to visit various parts of rural Britain, and I realized that an important piece of the jig-saw pattern is due to the farmers. With the increasing influence of economics in modern government, the importance of increasing home-grown food was at last attended to after the lessons of a second world war. Agricultural operations range from comparatively primitive to highly mechanized methods, and from "manure" or compost to a prevalence of artificial preparations, either for the soil or to control harmful pests. So also one may find still the old craftsmen of the land, such as hedgers and ditchers, relying on manual skill and knowledge of local conditions; but also there are increasing "career" landworkers, often good mechanics to deal with the farm machines, usually reaching their first farm after a course of study and practice at an agricultural college, for modern agriculture is ever absorbing new scientific knowledge and technical methods. Although the large and well-mechanized farms are efficient, most of the small farms (which greatly outnumber the rest) achieve sometimes

wonderful results through craft and hard work. It is noteworthy, and probably surprising to many people, that this little country's agriculture earns £1,500,000,000 a year.

Very interesting, as a sidelight on the restored status of agriculture, and its new attraction for the young who for so long drifted into the towns, is the rapid spread and the activities of the so-called Young Farmers. There are more than fifteen hundred Young Farmers' Clubs organized into a National Federation, the members ranging in age from ten to twenty-five. It is hard to generalize about the studies and recreations in the Clubs, and the keenly contested regional competitions in all kinds of skills related to agriculture, from ploughing to jam-making. Both sexes of course are in the Clubs, and many of the most successful farmers in England today are in fact women. I do not know what this signifies, but perhaps somebody in a country where this is very unusual could hazard a guess?

The many-sided interests of the Young Farmers have always included the "country" in general, and I have seen for myself how interested students of agriculture from overseas are by the methods and activities of the Clubs. Visitors in the last two years have included young organizers of similar activities or projects in their own countries (especially from India).

The big proportion of pasture in the country up to the second world war was not due to the demands of flourishing livestock farmers, but rather resulted from a long neglect of agriculture. Most of the pastures were (some still are) of poor quality, and many were left to be submerged by ranker growths of the bracken or heather from which new, cultivated grasslands are steadily being reclaimed today.

One of the interesting booklets issued by the National Federation of Young Farmers is devoted to grasslands. In it this popular subject is made practical for cultivators, and botanical for those more interested in natural history. Some of the leading pioneers of research and experiment to improve grasslands were British scientists like the late Sir George Stapleton. This work included not only the study of the species of grasses and *légumes* best suited to various conditions and purposes but also the character and treatment of the soil. There is today a tendency to pay new attention to the advocates of humus (vegetable mould) and compost (including manure), not to mention the utilization of sewage by processing it instead of polluting land and water. One is reminded here of Sir Albert Howard's energetic work in India in the last century, and his campaigning for improved cultivation and treatment

of the soil. This was early in the "biological movement" for more "natural" fertilizers.

These are matters that concern all countries as long-range economic fundamentals, though the chemist as well as the biologist must still be called upon to meet the universal demands for food.

The generally conceived image of Britain as intensely industrial is only half true, for it rarely includes agriculture. It also omits other aspects, such as the concern with nature conservation and ecology, in which British representatives have also been very active in the fast developing international sphere, through both UNESCO and the International Union for Conservation of Nature. Perhaps the conclusion is one of those platitudes that are excusable: to be sure of seeing both sides of the medal one must have been in direct contact with the country and its people. Only so can one safely judge the amount of truth in a general image.

If much of this can be applied to any other country, so much the better. But Britain in its complicated character and its green background of long memory, and its crowded smallness that seems so disproportionate to its prominent history — in many curious features that would overrun my space to describe, Britain is a convenient symbol of humanity growing conscious, in a shrinking world, of material and spiritual needs that depend on applied energy and a clearer vision.

C. D. DIMSDALE

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

—WILLIAM BLAKE

THE REBIRTH OF KILMAINHAM GAOL

[**Mr. R. M. Fox** writes of another incident in the interesting history of Irish nationalism. The spontaneous decisions and sustained work of the Irish who felt the significance of Kilmainham Gaol are a lesson in the right kind of public spirit.—Ed.]

In Ireland, as in India, the struggle for national independence led to some of the best and bravest of the people serving terms of imprisonment. It has been written, "Woe to the Cause that has not passed through the Gates of a Prison." No prison in Ireland has earned a more evil repute than Kilmainham Gaol, situated on the outskirts of Dublin. National history may not only be found in the books but even in the crumbling stones of this old disused prison and behind its massive gates.

The Kilmainham story began in 1787 when the gaol was built and it reaches back to an older dungeon not far from its site which the new building was intended to replace. After the ill-fated Robert Emmet Rising in Dublin in 1803 his faithful maidservant, Anne Devlin, was imprisoned for two years and a half, part of the time in the old gaol. There was an imposing roll of national prisoners held there up to 1924, when it was decided to close the gaol.

It was here that Charles Stewart Parnell — best loved leader of the Irish Nationalist Party — was held during the Land League troubles in Ireland and here he signed an agreement with W. E. Gladstone, British Premier, calling off the land agitation. This became known in history as the Kilmainham Treaty.

The last prisoner in Kilmainham was Eamon de Valera, who was held there after the disastrous civil war following the London Treaty of 1921 setting up the Irish Free State. It was not the first time that de Valera was in Kilmainham; for the leaders of the 1916 Easter Rising were held there after they surrendered. The signatories of the 1916 Proclamation were shot in a yard of the gaol now overgrown with coarse grass, thistles and weeds. Two leaders escaped death — the Countess Markievicz, who had her sentence commuted to life imprisonment, and Eamon de Valera, who would have been shot except for the lucky chance that he had been born in the United States. All the cells along one corridor were occupied by the 1916 leaders.

A new chapter has now been added to the history of the prison with the official visit made recently by Mr. de Valera, as President of the Irish Republic. He was invited by the Kilmainham Gaol Restoration

Society. Representatives received him and he was conducted round the prison, where he found his old cell — Number 59. For many years, as the gaol mouldered away, the roof fell in, and briars and nettles grew over the broken walls, an agitation continued to urge the Government to put the place into some kind of repair as a National Memorial. The reply was that it was in such a state of ruin that this would cost too much.

This seemed conclusive till Mr. Lorcan Leonard, a consulting engineer in the city, approached a group with the idea of voluntary restoration and offered to act as consulting engineer on the site. This scheme was pushed forward and the Government granted a lease of the premises to trustees who undertook to repair the gaol and turn it into a National Memorial by voluntary effort. This idea was taken up with tremendous enthusiasm.

Firms, organizations, individuals from all over the country have supplied money and material to a total value of thousands of pounds towards the scheme. More important still, hundreds of men — and some women — including veterans who were formerly prisoners there, have given their evenings and week-ends to the work of reconstruction. This is no easy task. They have regular hours of work for week-nights and Saturdays. The job is planned out with their own foremen and organizers.

Walls have had to be knocked down and rebuilt. They had to work on the roof — broken in many places — in the bitter winter weather. The chapel was a mass of ruins, with trees growing through the walls. Yet gradually the plan is taking shape. The gaol will be substantially as it was but there will be a hall for concerts or meetings. It is hoped to make a National Museum there.

Workers include skilled building operatives, painters, electricians, carpenters and others. The women helpers are in charge of the canteen for the workers and also conduct parties round on Sundays. Visitors come from all parts of the country. A film unit used the prison recently for a film of prison life. They wanted certain reconstructions carried out quickly and suggested that they hire a contractor and pay him a thousand pounds for the job. The Restoration Committee decided that no paid labour should come into the prison. The film director pleaded, but they stood firm. Finally they offered to do the work in the time needed if the film company would give the thousand pounds to the Fund. The film director asked what guarantee he would have. "Only our word!" the Committee answered. The men worked overtime till midnight every

night until it was ready for the film to be shot. Not only was the work completed at the specified time but they were able to begin filming two days before schedule.

Some years ago I took a Scottish Labour M.P., who was interested in Irish history, over this prison. It was a scene of desolation. Tangled briars and broken stones filled the yard where the executions had taken place. Where the roof of the prison had caved in, pigeons were roosting among the broken rafters. Their droppings covered corridors and rusty railings. We saw the treadmills in the half-darkness of the dungeons where prisoners were kept at exhausting labour. There was a punishment cell with a sliding cover over a grating which could plunge this underground place into total darkness.

Everywhere along the corridors and over the cells could be seen defiant slogans chalked or painted. Some of the cells had names of prisoners written on the doors. Two were decorated with paintings by Grace Gifford, who was a well-known artist and also one of the women prisoners held there in post-Treaty days. Grace Gifford had been there before; for she was married to Joseph Plunkett, a 1916 leader, at midnight, not long before he was shot at dawn. They were married in the prison chapel with British soldiers holding candles. After the ceremony she had an hour or so with her husband in his cell. "We who always had so much to talk about," she told me bitterly in later years, "found we could hardly speak to each other because of the young officers who crowded into his cell."

The national cause passed through the gates of this dread prison. Now it is passing through Kilmainham once again — this time victoriously. In France during the Revolution they burned their Bastille. In Ireland they are restoring it by voluntary labour. Which is the better way?

R. M. Fox

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE ABSOLUTISM OF FINITUDE*

[EXISTENTIALISM is an important subject in understanding contemporary man: and informed criticism of it is valuable in correcting the rather arid biases of modern philosophy. *Beyond Existentialism* is, therefore, an important book. After our esteemed friend, **Shri K. Guru Dutt,** had written his review, we received also an extended note on it and its theme from **Dr. P. T. Raju,** whose philosophical distinction is well known to our readers. We append this to Shri Guru Dutt's more formal review.—ED.]

THE SCEPTICISM AND RELATIVISM which infected the intellectual life of Europe prior to the two great World Wars had ignored the intimate questions of man's existential being, of his true inwardness. It was against this background that the aftermath of the Wars produced that intense heart-searching mood of reversal represented by the several types of existential philosophies. The influence of the movement testifies that it not only was something more than a passing phase of disillusionment but also was itself the most characteristic expression of the fundamental thought and feeling of contemporary Europe, which had its repercussions all over the civilized world. Its extreme formulations, no doubt, provoked justifiable criticism; but even they gave voice to legitimate human concerns. Today we are sufficiently far from the origins to be able to distinguish the genuine insights from the aberrations, and to recognize and acknowledge the essential contribution of Existentialism to the pool of philosophic thought.

The present work seeks to show up the weaknesses of Existentialism, particularly its affirmation of finiteness and its effort to posit even the concept of transcendence in "deepest finiteness"; it deplores the existential refusal to express in philosophical terms any definite objectively valid contents; and tries to demonstrate that one can assimilate whatever is valuable and valid in Existentialism without turning one's back on the great historical tradition which created Western culture. The ontological approach of Martin Heidegger, especially his later thought as influenced by Hölderlin, and Karl Jaspers's existential understanding are subjected to elaborate scrutiny; as also the poetry of Rilke and the thought of the French exponents of Existentialism, Jean-Paul Sartre and Gabriel Marcel.

The book makes tough reading. This may partly be due to the well-known difficulty of translating from German into English; but the author's own complicated style and highly involved mode of presentation, which make every paragraph a jungle of bristling references, add to it substantially. But for all that, the hardy reader who perseveres will find himself amply rewarded.

K. GURU DUTT

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* *Beyond Existentialism*. By J. VON RINTELEN. Translated from the German by HILDA GRAEF. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 264 pp. 1961. 30s.)

THE TWO IMPORTANT TRENDS of contemporary Western philosophy, logicalism and existentialism, may be regarded as the outcome of taking the finite as the Absolute itself and thereby denying real transcendence, which the classical philosophies accepted. The finite is what a thing appears to be. Real transcendence is not an object of direct perception, but of metaphysical reasoning. But metaphysics has to be given up. Reason, which served the functions of decision in inference (ratiocination), of conferring existence on the object of cognition (decision in perception), and of discovering values objectively valid, is now allowed only the first function and deprived of the other two. Plato's view of reason as the highest and eternal part of the soul has no meaning for the contemporary thinkers, except as an illustration of the nonsensicality of so-called metaphysics. Positivism, logicalism, dynamism, historicism, existentialism and such other schools of thought are the results of the denial of real transcendence and of the acceptance of finitude itself as the absolute fact. One comes across the words infinite and transcendence in the works of these philosophers; but the infinite belongs only to the finite, and transcendence is found only within immanence. The words acquire a different meaning within the framework of finitude.

The book *Beyond Existentialism* is one of the earnest attempts to expose not only the defects but also the dangers of this philosophical attitude, which is the result of a cultural crisis and has created a philosophical crisis also. The book is an abridged English translation by Miss Hilda Graef of Professor F. J. von Rintelen's *Philosophie der Endlichkeit* (Philosophy of Finitude) in German. The translator must have struggled hard to bring out in English the meaning of the original German, which is certainly not an easy task so far as existentialist terminology goes.

Professor von Rintelen is the author of several works and is one of the profound critics of existentialism. Every student of contemporary philosophy should read the present work if he wants a critical understanding of the motives and inner workings of existentialist thought. The author is not in this book concerned very much with the school opposed to existentialism, *viz.*, logical positivism and empiricism, to which he turns only incidentally. He deals mainly with existentialist philosophers, particularly Heidegger, although giving some space to Jaspers, Sartre and Marcel, and to the existentialist poets like Rilke and Hölderlin.

The main difficulty, Professor von Rintelen points out, is that neither from the standpoint of logicalism nor from that of existentialism can the objective validity of values be defended. Reason as ratiocination has been shown to be incapable of saying anything about existence, either subjective or objective. It deals with symbols or pure concepts and cannot say whether they mean anything existing. The objectivity of values also is beyond its power to establish. For the existentialists, on the other hand, existence is completely enclosed within itself. It is essentially and absolutely finite. Since it is only our subjective being, we find that it is always changing, going beyond its present moment to the next without end and stop — only death stops its process — completely isolated from the external world, making choices and acting without any bearing to objectivity, into which it is thrown from nowhere and without any support and reason. Consequently, existence is only living into death, a continuous becoming without established objective goals, choosing and acting in absolute freedom as it likes, pushed forward by in-

nate chaotic urges, originating from Nothing as it were, and suffering from the sense of guilt, anxiety, care, dread, disgust and the absurdity of living itself. Existence is certain of itself in these unhappy miserable moods. Reason and rational life are of no help for the elucidation of existence. Reason is mere ratiocination. Rational life is only levelling down, quantification of oneself, living an unauthentic existence, a falsification of oneself. What has man to do then? He has to find pleasure in surrendering himself to the irrational, to the *Weltinnerraum* (the inner space of the world — p. 118), which we may call the "womb of Nature," glorifying the absurd, contradictory, historical finite as the Absolute itself, and affirming and intensifying the finite in "heroic defiance" and with a vengeance, because, as Nietzsche said, God is dead. Infinitude is only the infinite possibility of the finite itself, its absolute freedom to choose whatever it likes in utter defiance of all conventions; and transcendence is the power of the finite to step out of itself into its own future possibility until death. For the theological existentialists, like Kierkegaard and Marcel, transcendence is a paradox and is only emotional; in any case, it is not rational. It is either the final irrational choice of surrender to God or the love of God and men, to whom reason cannot even point.

There are strikingly interesting differences among the existentialists, which the reader can find in *Beyond Existentialism* and the works of the philosophers themselves. Professor von Rintelen says:—

> Existence philosophy is, rather, an honest human impulse and call, but it has not yet become anything greater" (p. 120).
>
> It goes without saying that man is no simple datum like a thing or object (p. 237).

The analysis of human existence which existence philosophers have given contains important truth, particularly against all types of logicalism. But, unfortunately, the premises from which they both start, *viz.*, their conception of the status of reason and the rejection of real or metaphysical transcendence, are false. These false assumptions vitiate the structure of existence philosophies, from which one would expect a proper explanation of the grounds of human existence and of the objectivity of man's ethical life. Logicalism has done little or no justice to the reality and objectivity of values. Their reality and objectivity have, again, become the rock on which existentialist philosophies have foundered.

Professor von Rintelen says, therefore, that a realism of values should be the standpoint for philosophy, and he shows in different places in the book how and why the idea of objective value is necessary for a satisfactory explanation of some of the concepts brought to the forefront by the existentialists. Even to explain choice, which is one of the central ideas of the existentialists, the idea of objective value is indispensable. Why should a man choose, if one object or act has no more value than another? Man does not choose merely to express his freedom but for a purpose that has a basis in the objective world.

And furthermore, why should the existentialists use the undesirable and tragic moods and feelings for elucidating existence and Being? Can not love and joy also elucidate them? In this connection, we may, from the Indian side, point to the doctrine of moods and sentiments as revealing basic Being. Every feeling and emotion, raised to the height of its intensity, when it subsides, approaches Being. But the intense mood itself is not the revelation of Being; it reveals Being only after sub-

siding, when our existence becomes equanimous and placid. Further, the moods are not limited to dread, disgust and anxiety. They may be love and joy also. The three moods given the highest place are love (*śṛṅgāra*), compassion (*karuṇā*) and placidity (*śānti*). This Indian doctrine may interest those who think with the existentialists that our moods can elucidate our existence and Being. But it should be added that Indian thought has associated with this doctrine the idea of the Logos. Placidity in emotional disturbance belongs to the rational Logos.

Professor von Rintelen's book is a profound inner criticism, by a German thinker, of existentialism, particularly the German.

P. T. RAJU

Fellowship of the Spirit. By SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN. (Harvard University Press, U.S.A.; Oxford University Press, India. 42 pp. 1961. $1.50)

The Harvard University authorities decided to establish a Centre for the study of World Religions as an adjunct to their School of Divinity. Looking round the world for the most suitable personage to inaugurate it they fixed upon Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, then Vice-President of India. He has long been acknowledged a thinker of international standing and an outstanding contributor to the study of World-Religion. This book, containing his address, strikes the keynote of all study of religions, which, in the author's luminous phrase, consists of the "passionate search of the human soul for the Divine Reality."

Starting with a glance at modern life, he remarks:—

> If millions of our people are in a neurotic condition, if mental hospitals are overcrowded, if the demand for psychiatrists is on the increase, if a sense of boredom and the use of sedatives are the constant companions of most of us, it shows that where an ideal or a purpose should be there is only a vacuum.

There is an increasing awareness of an emptiness of human life. People are shut off from the Universal Spirit by a hundred artificial barriers. "We must recover the spiritual dimension of life, the lack of which has cramped and darkened the culture of the modern world." This can be done only by realizing the difference between belief and religious experience. Instead of stopping with observance of rites and acceptance of dogma we must work for the purification of the soul, for the transformation of our being.

The apprehension of spiritual reality is possible only through a life of austerity and self-control. This is emphasized by the Eastern concept of Yoga, which is a psycho-physical discipline, by which "we silence the clamour of the senses and forms of the intellect, and awaken the spiritual in us." Awakening is the personal experience of the essence of religion. "If we renounce the Ego, our nature will become the channel of divine energy, the instrument of divine action."

Dr. Radhakrishnan, in a rapid survey of the chief religions of the world, traces out, from the vast mass of ideas and practices, certain patterns which are more or less alike, holding out a promise for the future of the world. The Hindu ideal of integrating the Self to divinize human nature, the message of Buddhism, Jainism and Islam, the evolution of Christianity culminating in the experiences of the mystics, are all brought out with a characteristic lucidity and wealth of apt quotation. The final paragraph of noble eloquence affirms:—

> The different religions are to be used as building stones for the development of a

human culture in which the adherents of the different religions may be fraternally united as the children of the One Supreme.

D. GURUMURTI

The Gospel of Buddha. By PAUL CARUS. Illustrated by O. KOPETZKY. (The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. xiv+252 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.00)

This classic, originally published in 1894 by the Open Court Publishing Company (Illinois, U.S.A.), has been reprinted now as a National Book Trust book. The Government of India have indeed chosen a fine book: it has already run into twelve editions and appeared in Japanese, German, French, Spanish and Dutch.

The book is in fact an anthology of selections from several books on the Buddha and Buddhism edited and integrated. The author has relied mostly on English renderings of the Pali and Sanskrit texts, and he presents them here with an eye for the ancient touch. At places he has abridged or recast the selected passages, retaining the original sense and essence. The book vividly brings out the brilliant personality and career of the Master, whose techniques have furnished light for Asia.

The worth of the book would have been considerably enhanced had the author taken the trouble to consult the passages in their Pali and Sanskrit originals, instead of relying entirely on translations. This inadequacy becomes especially apparent when the consolidation of the doctrine is described (sections XXX to XLVII, pp 73-106). The author's ignorance of the original has led him to make poor selections and retain superficial renderings. Along with this defect must be mentioned the careless juxtaposition of the Sanskrit and Pali forms, as for example *Parivrajaka* (for *Paribbajaka*) and *Titthiya* in the same line in p. 80. But otherwise, the language is elegant and the presentation lively.

A word about the illustrations. The line-drawings made by Olga Kopetzky are good as drawings, but the artist has placed the Buddha in Persia and has made him in the image of Christ. She has announced (on p. 249) that three years were spent in study on these illustrations. The study, however, was either misguided or futile. The scenes are thoroughly un-Indian and the costumes are all picked up from the illustrations of *Arabian Nights*. She should have studied, apart from the Ajanta frescoes, the Sanchi sculptures and the human reliefs at Amaravati and Nagarjunakonda for a correct grasp of the dress, ornaments and hair-styles that prevailed during and soon after the Buddha's days.

Despite this error, the publication is a welcome one.

S. K. RAMACHANDRA RAO

Change: Eight Lectures on the "I Ching." By HELMUT WILHELM. Translated from the German by CARY F. BAYNES. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. x+111 pp. Diagrams. 1961. 21*s*.)

The *I Ching* or Book of Changes is an ancient Chinese classic which was taken up by the School of Confucius in the late Chou period (fourth century B.C.) and has had immense influence on Chinese thought ever since. It is neither a book of oracles nor a philosophy; it might better be described as an instru-

ment for understanding man's relationship with the world and men by means of both these.

The book consists of sixty-four hexagrams. If one combines three broken or unbroken lines as a trigram, there are eight such combinations which give the eight trigrams. If the eight trigrams are variously combined, one obtains the sixty-four hexagrams of the *I Ching*. Now each hexagram is considered to hold the essential meaning or character of events as seen by an individual at a given moment. The world is in flux, conditions are continually changing; by means of the sixty-four hexagrams one can gauge a situation and whether it is evolving, declining, or at a standstill.

In the Book, a short text is affixed to each hexagram, called the "Judgment," which sums up the chief attributes of the situation. Added to this is a second text, called the "Image," which indicates further the symbolic meaning of each hexagram in terms of human, social and cosmic relationships. A third text is concerned with the changing aspect of the situation delineated by the hexagram. To these three basic texts later commentaries have been added to form the Book; which itself has been the subject of many commentaries down the centuries.

A passage in the Confucian *Great Commentary* shows the general sort of way in which the *I Ching* was regarded. "The Master said: Writing cannot express words completely. Words cannot express thoughts completely." When asked whether it was then impossible to perceive truth, the Master replied that the hexagrams, images and commentaries of the Book were an attempt to do just this.

It is evident to anyone who has studied the *I Ching* that it only begins to have meaning when it is used, which means manipulating the yarrow stalks or throwing coins. Its power of focusing the mind on an indeterminate situation and revealing the desires, fears and apprehensions projected by the mind is extremely interesting. To study the *I Ching* in action means to become aware of one's own subjective, unconscious world, and perhaps to go beyond this. One of the chief difficulties lies in the images and symbols used in the ancient Chinese text:—

> He treads on the tail of the tiger.
> The tiger bites the man.
> Misfortune. . . .

One obviously has to know what was the old cultural context of "treading on the tiger's tail," and a host of other images, such as the dragon, horse, cow, fox, the four points of the compass, the different colours, etc. Wilhelm's lectures help us a little in this, besides acquainting us with a good deal concerning the history and lore of this Book. But they do not constitute a good introduction to the *I Ching*. The reader should already be acquainted with an adequate edition of the Book, such as the two-volume translation by Richard Wilhelm (Helmut's father), which is obtainable in English.

The lectures help to clarify some basic conceptions about the *I Ching* and to correct certain misconceptions. For instance, on the idea of "change" itself:—

> The opposite of change is neither rest nor standstill, for these are aspects of change. The idea that the opposite of change is regression, and not cessation of movement, brings out clearly the contrast with our category of time.

A few of the old oracle readings are given, including one recorded from the seventh century B.C. Wang Fu-Chih, "the greatest *I Ching* scholar of the Ch'ing era," is quoted in a most revealing passage (p. 97). Perhaps the clearest in-

sight into the understanding of the *I Ching* is given by the brilliant Wang Pi (third century), who is quoted on pp. 87-88.

G. WINGFIELD DIGBY

Toehold on Zen. By JEFFREY SWANN. Illustrated by EKON. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 103 pp. 1962. 16*s*.)

Some time ago it became, all of a sudden, a fad among the fashionable people in the U.S.A. to discuss Zen Buddhism. Fabulously priced, richly bound volumes came out to satisfy the curiosity of the thirsty at the more elegant cocktail parties. The interest Zen then roused in a section of the reading public remains apparently unabated. For the standard works by well-known scholars are now being supplemented by booklets of vulgarization by new initiates and popular journalists. The present publication contains barely eighty pages of reading matter, and though its chapter headings are impressive, *e.g.*, "Knowledge and Its Significance," "The Nature, Function and Scope of the Intellect," "Insecurity, Collective and Otherwise," etc., it should be stated straight away that it can lay no claim to being a scholarly treatment of the subject-matter. The author has had, one understands, the opportunity of hearing and entertaining such distinguished Zen scholars as Professor Ogata, Dr. D. T. Suzuki and others. He has, the blurb says, studied psychology, philosophy and Zen for twenty years. So it is natural to expect something strikingly original from him. In this we are disappointed. However, the book is easy to read. It is not necessary, the author points out, to give up one's religion to practise Zen: after all, Zen is an attitude of mind that leads to creative discovery; it implies cultivation of insight rather than memory, and so on. In brief, know thine own self and thou shalt know all.

SUDHIN GHOSE

Protestantism. Edited by J. LESLIE DUNSTAN. (Great Religions of Modern Man. Prentice-Hall International, London. 255 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

This is the third volume of a six-volume series on great religions of modern man, originating from Braziller's of New York, which has received a good welcome. It is significant that Protestantism appears as one of the religions separated on the one hand from Hinduism, etc. and on the other from Catholicism. Moreover, Dr. Dunstan recognizes that there are some who would regard even Protestantism as too broad a field to be covered as a whole in one book. He wisely disregards this and argues that the stress on "salvation by faith alone" is the common criterion whatever the changes in appearance and form of the denominations and sects. The concern of the book is to trace the rise and development of Protestantism, in its four centuries of existence, with the help of the writings of representative leaders. Hence he prefers to call himself "editor" rather than author. The task as so defined may err on the side of oversimplification, but Dr. Dunstan has done his work with no little skill and has shown rare discrimination in his citations. He has succeeded in demonstrating that amid the bewildering variations there is a central and determining life-pattern at once common to them all and distinguishing them from what is called "Catholic." It may be thought that present-day tendencies

in both branches of Christianity encourage the hope that before long it will be possible to produce a similar volume covering Christianity as a whole.

MARCUS WARD

Common Sense About Sexual Ethics: A Christian View. By SHERWIN BAILEY. (The Common Sense Series, No. 13. Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 175 pp. 1962. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

No one is better qualified to write on this subject than Mr. Sherwin Bailey. As university Chaplain, as guiding the studies of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council, and now as a parish priest, he has given much of his time and energy to talking sense about sex. The treatment, as indicated by the subtitle, is limited. The background, well adumbrated in about fifty compact pages, is that of the Western, and, nominally, Christian tradition. Yet it is not strictly limited. There are some, of narrower and more conservative persuasion, who will question whether the author has always kept to a particular strait path, conventionally regarded as Christian. There can be no doubt at all that the basis of the whole argument is solidly Christian, in the best sense, but the application and conclusion have a much wider reference, being broadly humanistic, again in the best sense of the term. Indeed, all that Mr. Bailey has to say about the many problems connected with sex in modern times derives from a deeply perceptive understanding of the meaning of man and the divine purpose in creating "man" male and female. Many passages may be cited in illustration, but let this suffice:—

> True manliness and womanliness are not attained by seeking to conform to stereotypical notions of what is manly or womanly, for that is essentially self-regarding and sterile. Just as I am most human when I forget myself and cease to be self-centred and self-sufficient, so I am most manly when I lose all false or artificial sex-consciousness in relationships of sincerity and integrity with the complementary half of humanity. Then I discern that manhood means much more than maleness — which is simply sex in isolation. The significance of manhood consists, not in what I am in myself, but in what I am for another — this particular woman, whom I encounter in this particular relational context; and the same is equally true of womanhood.

The note here struck, that sex involves obligation, rings through the whole book. Here is a common sense many could well learn.

MARCUS WARD

Tagore Centenary Volume. Edited by MAHENDRA KULASRESTHA. (Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur. xvii+385 pp. 1961. Rs. 16.00)

Among the significant souvenir volumes published in this country on the occasion of Tagore's Centenary, the one under review is worthy of special mention. To present the many-sided genius of Tagore by including a few representative selections from his work (in translation) as well as outstanding critical opinion in a bare 150 pages is no easy task. That the editor has eminently succeeded in this in the first part of the Volume redounds to his sensibility in selection and ability in securing eminent contributors, Indian and Western, like Professors Humayun Kabir, Buddhadeva Bose, C. A. Moore and Louis Renou, Dr. Mulk Raj Anand and Dr. Agehananda Bharati. Most of

the studies in this part are unbiased and illuminating, penetrating and profound.

Professor Humayun Kabir's brilliant "Foreword" has packed into five pages what he has elsewhere developed into fifty and adds to the value of the Volume.

Part II is named "Aspects of Indian Culture" and contains a selection of general articles on Indian philosophy, religion, culture, history and society, literature and arts. This part is of more scholarly interest. Many of the expert articles are culled from the back volumes of periodicals, including THE ARYAN PATH, and cannot be regarded as exclusively written for this volume. Yet the editor's care in selection makes them hang together. Indologists will thank the editor for having rescued from old files some of these refreshing studies of Indian art and culture. However, the connecting thread between the two parts is rather thin.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

The Undiscovered Country. By EDMUND ROBERT MORGAN. (Edward Arnold (Publishers), Ltd., London. 247 pp. 1962. 15*s*.)

Dr. Morgan's interests as scholar and as pastor (he is a former Bishop of Southampton and of Truro) meet in a concern with the nature of the life to come. The study and meditation of many years have gone to the production of this anthology of "evidence." A discerning Preface relates the theme to a background limited on the one hand by complete unconcern for man's eternal destiny and on the other by the insatiable curiosity which would chart the unseen world with the precision of the geographer. Like C. S. Lewis, Dr. Morgan has no desire "to arouse factual curiosity about the details of the afterworld." He hopes simply "to hold the door ajar for a brief glimpse into the mysteries of human destiny."

To this end passages of verse and prose have been chosen from a very wide range of reading. In order to help understanding, the compiler concludes his Preface with a list of recurring statements, convictions and guesses. This brief induction of evidence is one of the best things in the book.

As will be expected, the slant in selection, presentation and content is Christian, and the resultant impression wholly so; but evidence from the folk mind of simple peoples, from the noble paganism of the Classical writers, and from seekers, mainly scientific, both ancient and modern, is not lacking. What is lacking, and strangely so, is any reference to Eastern religions. After citing relevant material from the Bible and from Prayer Books (with one Jewish reference), Dr. Morgan comes to the largest and most interesting section, entitled "Seers and Interpreters," and ranging widely from an Irish barmaid to Dante. Here the reader will find much that is familiar and not a little that is more recondite.

Of course, no anthology is perfect, but this, for all its limitation and omissions, is one of the better ones. It is not for reading at a sitting, but whoever browses in it for long is likely to gain some insight into the mysteries of the undiscovered country.

MARCUS WARD

When the World Was Young. By VERRIER ELWIN. (The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. 82 pp. 1961. Re. 1.50)

Dr. Verrier Elwin, the dedicated an-

thropologist, has here strung together some tribal stories, gathered all over from India. From the first imaginative flights of earth's children issued the legends and myths bearing a close relation to man's life. Faced with the mystery of nature, man in his bewilderment asks several questions: How did it all begin? Who were the first men? When was fire discovered and clothing invented? Are animals related to men? And how about man's adventures in life? How will all these end? And is there an end? Generations of tribals have kept alive their own answers to these tantalizing questions. Verrier Elwin retells these beautiful primal myths in his own lucid English. Arranged in six sections and spiced with fun and frolic, with an occasional dose of serious intent, this book would make an ideal gift.

Of the many achievements of any people, their repertoire of myths and traditional stories alone forms a rich and permanent heritage. India is a vast country, and is dotted, even today, with groups of aborigines and tribals, totalling about thirty million. Within their limited range, they show a wide diversity of culture and have varied explanations for the phenomena that surround us. Again, there is also inter-influence, and so we come across parallel theories which would offer a fruitful field for the literary researcher concerned with ancient Indian myths. Baigas may say that God created the world from the mud brought from the bottom of the ocean, but other tribals would affirm that the universe was hatched out of an enormous egg. The origin of man, too, is explained variously: God made man out of clay (more like the myth of Brahma at his workshop); or, there was a big crack on the earth and men came out; or a goddess gave birth to man; or men were born of animals (shades of Darwinism and the Evolution theory!). The Saoras of Orissa would insist that men had tails in the beginning. The Murias of Bastar recreate a land of Lilliputians for the prehistoric past. The stories thus retold have a childish, naïve and quaint air about them, so much so that one can see Innocence itself smiling at us from these guileless figures untainted as yet by civilization. The coming of death is elevated to sheer poetry, when the tribals say that death was granted to man because he had the wisdom to know that "as one grows old, life becomes intolerable." It is only these "uncivilized" that can in their pure faith face the inevitable end with dignity.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Poetry and the Physical Voice. By FRANCIS BERRY. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. 205 pp. 1962. 28*s*.)

In *Poetry and the Physical Voice* Mr. Berry advances the intriguing theory that a poet's voice influences his work. If we agree, then reading poetry will henceforth become more exciting and informative.

There is much food for thought in Mr. Berry's observations on Tennyson, Shelley, Milton, Shakespeare and Marlowe. Mr. Berry believes that what he calls Tennyson's central or deepest voice was reserved for the expression of grief in such poems as "In Memoriam." As for Shelley, when Hogg, who later became his close friend, first met him at Oxford he was so disconcerted by the poet's shrill discordant voice that he was tempted not to see him again. Shelley's poetry may indeed reproduce that shrillness, but it does so without discordance.

Mr. Berry believes that Milton's voice and temperament had grown graver when he wrote *Paradise Lost* and that such changes were necessary pre-

liminaries to his greatest poetic achievement. On the other hand he believes that Shakespeare, unlike Shelley or Milton, did not compose for his own voice except in his non-dramatic work such as the sonnets, but that in his plays he wrote lines for other men to speak whose capacities and unique vocal qualities he knew well. He compares Shelley with Marlowe and concludes that although both poets use the same "soaring" imagery Marlowe's voice is altogether different from Shelley's.

Turning to more recent poets such as Yeats, Eliot and Auden, who have broadcast their own poems, Mr. Berry says:—

> Though this is an age of broadcasting, tape recorders, amplifiers and record players we cannot say that the poet's condition has yet very much changed in consequence.

Yet, as Mr. Berry says later:—

> What would we not give for a gramophone record of Wordsworth reading his poems aloud during the period covered by Dorothy's journal? or of Keats saying his Odes? or of Hopkins declaiming *The Wreck of the Deutschland*?

Despite occasional circumlocutions *Poetry and the Physical Voice* is invariably interesting.

HERBERT BLUEN

Has Man a Future? By BERTRAND RUSSELL. (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, England. 128 pp. 1961. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Bertrand Russell states clearly and succinctly the fearful impasse to which stupidity and fear combined with great technical knowledge have brought us and follows with some practical suggestions of ways in which present tensions might be eased with the ultimate object of establishing world government. He disturbs us, yet conveys a breath of sanity and concern for humanity for which we gasp amidst the insane posturings of national leaders. We should be grateful for the words and deeds of warning of one who has reached an age at which he might well abandon posterity to its own devices.

He writes bravely of the unique possibilities of future greatness for the human species if it survives its present folly; of the inward visions of poets, composers and sculptors; of the moments of lyric beauty in the love of man and woman which could embrace the whole world. But he leaves us strangely dissatisfied. He accepts without question the postulate that man is the product solely of the same evolutionary processes as have produced the other species. Strange paradox: he is not unique, but he is unique. Of what stuff are imagination and the beauty of love? Chemical secretions? Electron configurations? In the immense reach of cosmic time, how much more is ten million years of survival as species than ten minutes?

G. H. BROWN

Science and Spirit. By S. V. RAMAMURTY. (Author, Madras. 140 pp. 1961. Rs. 7.50)

This little book of essays attempts a solution of a perennial problem, the "reconciliation of science and spirit at a fundamental level," and also suggests ways of reconstructing various phases of man's life, such as education and economics.

Dr. Radhakrishnan says in the Preface that science and spirit are not opposed because "the recent advances in science compel us to recognize that the real world cannot be captured within the categories of science," whereas the author on the contrary asserts that there is no reason why "European science should not reach the position corresponding to Vedanta" (p. 12).

Such a divergence of views makes it obvious that no rapprochement between the two is valid which ignores the difference between them — of both subject-matter and attitude: religion being concerned with ultimate reality which can serve as a source and guarantee of man's demand for deliverance from suffering and the efficacy of moral action; and science, on the other hand, with its reliance on empirical observation and logical inference, occupied with particular facts and with the "whole" only in so far as it emerges from such an approach. Whatever the matrix out of which the universe has evolved, science does not, and I think cannot, at any time, think of it as Brahma or *sat-chit-ananda*. Because modern science is no longer materialistic, it does not follow that it accepts the spiritual nature of the universe.

There are some statements which require much further clarification before they can be understood, e.g., "spirit is measurable by pure number" or "a straight line is an expression of spirit." A weighty topic such as is tackled in this book deserves a more sustained and systematic handling.

A. K. JIANDANI

Letters to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur. By M. K. GANDHI. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 248 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.50)

To attempt to review this book which contains 288 letters written by Gandhiji to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur on almost as many topics is to try to empty the ocean with a mustard spoon. In the intimate association of personal correspondence one finds fresh evidence of the thousand and one facets which distinguished the personality of the most purposeful and fascinating man of our age. Beginning with a formal note of thanks written in 1934, the letters reflect over the years an intense and sensitive relationship which enriched both lives. Gandhiji's affection, admiration and concern for his correspondent are obvious. He employs a tone of affectionate banter; he advises her on the various issues arising from the innumerable projects on which they worked jointly; he is firm and gentle, wise, persuasive; and when he sometimes disagrees with her point of view this is what he says:—

> This is no rebuke to you. You have done all this with the best of motives for the love of me. But without a knowledge of the manner of doing things, all our love may miscarry. Love waits, prays and is infinitely patient. You have been impatient to do good. If you have understood this you will dance with joy that you have in me a knowing friend whose love knows no bounds.

These letters written during the most significant period in our history take us, as it were, behind the scenes and provide interesting sidelights on the events which led to our Independence. But what they reveal chiefly is a personality with its sublime height, its depth, its capacity for suffering, its penetrating insight into human nature, its monumental self-discipline and dedication. If, as they say, "the penalty for laziness is second-rate friends" one can only conclude that Rajkumari Amrit Kaur must be one of the most industrious persons alive. In allowing the letters to be made public she has done us a service for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful.

HILLA C. VAKEEL

I Meet Rajaji. By MONICA FELTON. (Macmillan and Co., London. 193 pp. 1962. Rs. 15.00)

This is not a biography of Rajaji, though Monica Felton intended to write one. The intention was not realized and

in the event the book has become a record of her sporadic meetings and talks with Rajaji on different occasions from 1956 to 1959. The record shows that during these meetings Rajaji consistently discouraged and dissuaded Mrs. Felton from attempting to write his life story.

The Rajaji that emerges from Monica Felton's record is a person with a contrariness of attitudes and outlook. We get a picture of one who is inclined to be secretive about his own work and achievements; of one who while conscious of his own importance is yet modest to the point of self-denigration. During the period covered his main preoccupation was opposing the language policy of the Government, exposing the dangers of nuclear warfare and dissuading the big powers from proceeding with nuclear tests. The effect of his campaigns on these subjects cannot be precisely judged but that he was successful in rousing public opinion on them cannot be doubted.

But all of Rajaji's contrariness and the feeling of self-pity and cynicism that the record reveals suddenly change with his announcement of the formation of the Swatantra Party. "I had never seen him so radiant," says Mrs. Felton. She gives up the project of writing the biography with Rajaji triumphantly asserting: "You will never do it." "How can I," she says, "when you start a new chapter in your life every day?"

Nevertheless an authentic and documented biography of Rajaji, who played a notable part during a crucial period in the country's history and occupied the highest official position as the last of the Governors-General of India, will be welcomed by the public. But will Rajaji himself ever approve of it? Possibly not.

C. V. H. Rao

Off the Beaten Track: Adventures in the Art of Living. By Wilfred Wellock. (Sarvodaya Prachuralaya, Tanjore. xii+203 pp. 1961. Rs. 3.00; 10*s*. 6*d*.; $2.00)

In his foreword to this book, Shri Jayaprakash Narayan writes:—

> Here is a testimony of an Englishman which should be read, pondered over and digested by every educated Indian, particularly those who are young and eager to modernize their country.

Mr. Wilfred Wellock's name is familiar to many in India and in the pacifist world. He has written forty or fifty pamphlets as tracts for the times and hundreds of articles in the journals of many countries. He is one of the greatest living interpreters of Gandhi's ideas to the West.

From early youth his life has been a continuous adventure, a continuous series of experiments in the art of living. *Off the Beaten Track* is his account of these. His profoundest early lessons were learnt not in school but in the home from the hard lives and austere habits of his parents. There is hardly any aspect of life and living to which he has not been a witness — having been a factory worker; a student at the university; a preacher and teacher in a wide variety of nonconformist churches; and a conscientious objector during the First World War. His periods of imprisonment and of associations with journals devoted to the study and propagation of peace and pacifism, his most frustrating experiences as a Member of Parliament, his travels in Europe, including Russia, and in India, all enrich his book. In his evolution as a pacifist, he has been a witness to the wide contrast between the outlook and premises of 1913 and the upheavals of the last fifty years and the present outlook. He has been a rebel against the materialistic tornado released by the Industrial Revolution and dreamed of a new heaven

and a new earth, where science and philosophy, technology and spiritual values, wealth and wisdom, achieve the unity of an all-inspiring synthesis.

His objective analysis of the degeneration of Western society under the impact of industrialization deserves careful study from those who are busy with planning in our country. His analysis again of both communism and capitalism, showing how both of these "isms" are deeply rooted in a materialism that is the enemy of justice and freedom and peace, cannot be dismissed easily.

It is in this context that he brilliantly builds up the case for the small village republics of Gandhi's conception and shows how India, standing at the threshold of a new era, can make one of the most momentous decisions in her history and follow the Gandhian path. Students of Gandhi will be amply rewarded to find the various points of similarity in the author's experiments and conclusions.

Mr. Wellock ends his story with an "Appeal to India." Are we really ready to accept the moral responsibility? I have my own doubts. In the meantime, Mr. Wellock deserves the gratitude of every thinking man and woman who is still pioneering in any direction off the beaten track, and is not yet caught up in "this strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry and divided aims."

SATYENDRA KUMAR DE

Eighty-four, Not Out. By R. P. PARANJPYE. (A National Book Trust Book. The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. 184 pp. 1961. Rs. 1.75)

This is the interesting autobiography of a leading Indian intellectual. Starting his career with great promise when he became Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, Dr. Paranjpye has lived through what may be considered a typical success story. Having held many high positions in life such as the Principalship of a famous College in the footsteps of G. K. Gokhale, membership of the legislature, a Senatorship of the Bombay University and a Ministry under the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme of Reforms, later he adorned the glorious but futile membership of the India Council, the Vice-Chancellorship of two Indian Universities and a High Commissionership to a British Dominion.

Through all these high offices, he maintained his independence of mind and high integrity and performed several useful services within the limits of his office. But the lifelong adoption of the Liberal Party's outlook with its intellectual aloofness and insensitiveness to mass feeling made it necessary for him to oppose the methods and policies of the Non-co-operation Movement which brought about a great national awakening under Gandhiji's leadership. Though this author lived in a remarkable era of national revival, he dwelt in his ivory tower unaffected by the psychological and moral revolution wrought by the great maker of men. Even in his estimate of the effect of the great revolutions of the 1930's and 1940's there is a trace of understatement, if not of belittling, of the achievements of Gandhiji's leadership of the nation.

But, taken all in all, this life is one of great usefulness and a worthy example of the deliberate forging of a great career. Dr. Paranjpye in the late evening of his life can look back with some satisfaction on a busy, well-lived life, with perhaps a tinge of regret that it was not given to him to have played a more vital rôle in the rebirth of the nation, which he could very well have done with his undoubted talents and opportunities.

D. GURUMURTI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Loneliness, the ever-increasing social sickness of today, has been brilliantly and humanely surveyed by a young London journalist, Susan Cooper (*The Sunday Times,* London, May 27th, June 3rd and June 10th, 1962).

She shows how the honeycombing of buildings into small units (flats or bed-sitters) has produced the highest suicide rate in central London.

Her survey shows that social indifference and loneliness flourish in the big towns, North and South, as much as in the rigid compartmental village and small-town life. Loneliness has no symptoms and evokes no sympathy, like blindness.

But it is itself a symptom of something much more sinister. We are forgetting how to communicate, how to form proper relationships.

She admits that some fault lies in those who fear to make contacts, withdrawing into a shell of hyper-sensitivity and shyness. Often their roots go back to childhood — deprivation of the "give and take" of a family; too exclusive a dependence on a few; too many prohibitions or sapping of confidence. University students, drawn from different social strata, often fall into a vicious circle of isolation, inhibited from responding to friendly overtures, until those making them feel repulsed.

She casts a glance at the "short-term anodynes," radio, television, books, pets, cinema and crowds, and the more dangerous ones of sex affairs and drink. These last bring inevitable deterioration, since the loss of the external moral authority of Church and Society makes the individual conscience vulnerable to all the lower instincts. The suicide rate in Great Britain is 100 a week out of four times as many attempts. She draws most welcome attention to one notable endeavour to deal with this, the Telephone Samaritans, founded in the City of London by the Rev. Chad Varah. Anyone drawn towards suicide or desperate for a sympathetic listener can phone MANsion House 9000 and find a "befriender" always there, answering the phone — as 3,000 people did last year. Similar groups are running in Europe, India, Pakistan, Turkey, while plans are going ahead in the U.S.A. and elsewhere. (An article by a New York correspondent of *The Sunday Times,* June 17th, 1962, maintains that the problem of loneliness is worse in the U.S.A. than in England.)

The remedy for the loneliness both of "circumstances and of temperament," Susan Cooper writes, lies in intangibles, *i.e.,* a friendlier attitude all round. New towns and planned housing estates lack the organic warmth of the old slums. A negative impersonality is the outcome of a more mobile society, since the old security of forms and sense of degree has broken down.

Within the illusion of easy communication given by the motorcar and the telephone, real communication has grown less.

As for remedies and preventives, the new patterns for social relations, whatever they be, must avoid the danger of becoming new cliques. The existence and activities of clubs and associations (though the label "organized" should give way to a warmer human note) ought to be better known. *The Sunday Times* most helpfully offers a list of these to inquirers. Preparation for retirement should be made beforehand.

The unrealistic public image of loneliness, whether glamourized by mournful "pops" or made "shamefaced" by snob advertising, should be discouraged, as well as the ambivalent cult-condemnation of the individual. As for the individual, she writes, there should be, for the children, a better training in unselfishness, generosity and thoughtfulness for others, as well as the cultivation of various intellectual and creative interests. Finally the lonely themselves must make the effort to go out towards others — but not simply to get friends, since this defeats its own purpose.

It is to be hoped the survey will find more permanent record in pamphlet form. The one necessity, as always, is a change in the minds and hearts of people. If they think they are inherently separate from others, they will act separately. Both the West and the modern East need to get back to the Upanishadic wisdom, the recognition that all selves are part and parcel of the One Self, the Real, the Eternal.

Who sees all beings in his own Self, and his own Self in all beings, loses all fear.

When a sage sees this great Unity and his Self has become all beings, what delusion and what sorrow can ever be near him.

—*Iśa Upanishad.* Tr. by JUAN MASCARO: *Himalayas of the Soul*

Among the many current endeavours at creating a more international attitude, especially by cultural exchanges between young people, is that reported by the *Times Educational Supplement* (June 22nd, 1962). For some ten years now the Netherlands Office for Foreign Students Relations of Leyden, Holland, has been running sailings from New York to Rotterdam, using liners left over from the war (too old-fashioned and too slow for ordinary "tourism") for the purpose of "orientation" programmes for the students they carry. Whether the students' intentions be vacational or serious, there will be something for all in the nine-day programme — language classes, travel, political or cultural lectures, followed by discussion, or recreational activities, such as dancing, classic or folk (with voluntary student orchestras), drama and cabaret, table-tennis, chess, etc. Help is also given in planning travel and so on, in Europe. Except for a permanent nucleus, the workers in the organization are voluntary helpers, and the teams aboard each liner are carefully balanced both as regards nationalities and particular subject. The lecturers are handpicked for versatility and vitality, since the programmes are not rigidly fixed, and fluctuate according to demand. Further spontaneous and informal discussion, by individual and small groups, occupies a great deal of time. An encouraging point made by one of the chief organizers of the scheme is that, though an academic approach is disliked by the students, they much prefer a programme with some depth to a purely light, superficial one.

One hopes the "deep" programme reaches some of its roots down to soul culture (which is not to be confused with religious activity). Being concerned with the real rather than with the transient, it is, in the long run, the only satisfying sustenance, which will help in creating a bond of unity in a way no amount of intellectual and cultural interest (however valuable in its own sphere) can do. There is a notion in some quarters that this last alone is sufficient for mutual understanding and tolerance, but history has, many times over, shown this to be a fallacy.

At this high moment when the human race is literally faced with the dilemma: "To be or not to be," the Anti-Nuclear Arms Convention, which met at Delhi recently, has come none too soon nor could the organizers of this conference

possibly have thought of a more impressive auspices than the Gandhi Peace Foundation. Whatever may be the fruits of the conference, none can gainsay that it has brought a Gandhian perspective to bear upon the nuclear menace to the life and health of the world.

Ever since its establishment in 1959, the Gandhi Peace Foundation has been seeking to promote "the acceptance by all peoples of the principles of truth and non-violence in the conduct of social, national and international affairs." Although the conference was organized at short notice, many distinguished delegates from foreign countries not only graced the occasion but made effective contributions to the debate. In these days of deepening obscurity of politics in practically every field of human endeavour, the Delhi Convention had the distinction of bringing together leaders from different countries and varied political shades, all eschewing partisanship, parochialism and prejudice.

Reviewing the proceedings of the Anti-Nuclear Convention, Shri K. Santhanam, in an illuminating article in *The Hindu* (Madras) characterizes it as an unqualified success and singles out Dr. Rajendra Prasad's address as one of the most important events of the conference. Pointing out that Dr. Prasad's quotations from authoritative U.S. sources left no room for any doubt that immediate cessation of tests and elimination of any possibility of nuclear war was the imperative need of all mankind, Shri Santhanam writes:—

> Freed from the trammels of office, Dr. Rajendra Prasad spoke as the authentic advocate of Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence. "So far as the Gandhi Peace Foundation is concerned, the line of unadulterated non-violence or *Ahimsa* is the only line that it can take. It cannot seek palliatives by compromising on this point or by speaking in an uncertain voice for the sake of expediency. World peace is its goal but the means for its attainment also have to be peaceful, *i.e.*, truthful and non-violent. It cannot associate itself with the use of force even for the attainment of peace."

The most striking part of Dr. Rajendra Prasad's address was the passage advocating unilateral disarmament which

> would break this vicious circle of mutual fear and distrust and pave the way for universal disarmament. Such a nation would go down in history as the benefactor of mankind and the world will not allow it to fall a victim of aggression.

He went on to add logically that

> India has had the unique privilege of engaging in a successful non-violent struggle for independence under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. She should set the example if her appeal for unilateral disarmament is to carry any weight. I consider this to be a legitimate challenge.

Referring to the Government of India's participation in the Anti-Nuclear Convention, Mr. Santhanam details the difficulties faced by the country and the danger of aggression on her borders and adds:—

> The Government of India's connection with the Gandhian philosophy of non-violence is historical and personal and not spiritual, ideological or practical. The Government of India are not pacifist, as the Prime Minister explained, though they are devoted to the ideals of peace and democracy.

Emphasizing that no Government could afford to ignore dangers, the writer asks Gandhians to realize that

> the battle for absolute non-violence has to be fought in this country no less than in others and that they should not expect from the Government anything more than, perhaps, a greater degree of toleration.

Where fundamental interests are at stake, India, he adds, is as national and resolved to protect her national interests

as any other country, and pointing out that present-day trends are forcibly taking India away from Gandhism, he concludes:—

> World disarmament first and national disarmament only afterwards is the formula of power which governs the Government of India as well as all other Governments. Power and responsibility go together. However much we may lament the evils of nuclear testing and dread the possibility of human destruction by a nuclear war, let us understand and be charitable to those who, by a freak of destiny, have become the possessors of nuclear weapons. They will abandon their weapons only as a result of agreement. Their peoples will not permit them to do otherwise. So the only thing to be done is to bring about this agreement and let us hope the delegation which the Gandhi Peace Foundation is to send to all nations who possess nuclear weapons will be able to bring nearer the day of their abandonment.

An interesting proposition for producing "a nobler breed of men" is reported to have been put forward by Sir Julian Huxley in a recent speech to the British Eugenics Society. According to Shri Sunder Kabadi, the London Correspondent of several Indian newspapers, the first step towards improving the human race would, in Sir Julian Huxley's words, be

> the decision by a few enlightened couples to have recourse to artificial insemination from some admired donor to "father" their children. ... The deep freezing of sperm will make it possible to utilize a smaller number of more outstanding donors as parents even after their bodily death. ("London Letter," *The Indian Express*, June 24th, 1962)

It is rather surprising that Sir Julian Huxley, in his enthusiasm for entelegenesis, should forget that we are human beings and begin to treat us as racehorses or cattle. If it were only the question of promoting bare physical qualities, Sir Julian's thesis may well have merited some consideration. But the human mind is undeniably of an unknowable and indefinable quality, which certainly cannot be fashioned by planned breeding any more than it can be manufactured in a scientist's laboratory.

The scientist-philosopher is only aware of the legal difficulties that will have to be surmounted to put his plan into action and he seems to be convinced that

> the certain success of the experiment, in the shape of outstanding and happy children, would soon be decisive in inducing an increasing number of couples to adopt similar methods and eventually making it the accepted and approved practice of society.

How can scientists really predict the direction the life-stream will take by simply insisting on a planned breeding? Is it not fallacious to consider that heredity is the sole determining factor of human characteristics? The noblest among men were not surely the synthetic products of any special breeding process. Have they not achieved their greatness by sacrifice and service, love and compassion? The bane of modern civilization is its excessive materialism, with the consequent increase in selfishness, greed and other vices largely responsible for the degeneration of mankind. The remedy is to be found not in inventing any new breeding processes as Sir Julian's fancy suggests, but in sincere efforts to cleanse ourselves of the impurities that poison our life blood.

No greater threat to an infant democracy can be thought of than administrative and parliamentary corruption. It is in this context that Shri M. Ruthnaswamy, M.P., asks of what avail all progress and laws can be without morals. In a cogently argued article in

The Sunday Standard (Bombay), he discusses the causes of corruption and suggests ways and means to cure the disease eating into the vitals of Indian society.

According to Montesquieu, it may be recalled, the characteristic attribute of a republic is virtue, even as honour is of the monarchy and fear of despotism. And this virtue that will keep up a democracy is the virtue of its citizens, as they are the rulers as well as the subjects. As virtue consists in placing the interests of the public, of the country or of the State above those of oneself or one's family or one's caste or community, it is obvious that the genesis of corruption lies in desire and greed, referred to in the *Bhagavad-Gita* as among the Gates of Hell, which destroy the soul. It is refreshing to see Shri Ruthnaswamy arguing likewise:—

> Egoism, selfishness, avarice are the evils to be guarded against by the citizen as well as by his rulers. It is from avarice — the desire to become rich and to become rich quick — for in parliamentary democracies the time to become rich is limited — that the practice of bribery and corruption comes.

If bribery flourishes in Government service, it is argued, it is because of its extensive prevalence in other spheres of public life in the form of tips and commissions which are common in trade and business circles. Holding that the cure is suggested by the diagnosis, the writer adds:—

> The remedies to be used are, first, restoration and maintenance of salaries at levels ensuring a life of comfort and ease. The salary of a public servant must be such that it will be to his interest to earn it rather than so low that it will be to his interest to earn illegally so that he could afford to lose it on detection. Opportunities for making money on the sly must be reduced; it is useless to expect in these days of *Etatisme* (Statism) to reduce the number of State activities and thus the number of opportunities for bribery — but a code of conduct for officials in all departments might be drawn up and strictly enforced by departmental action or public prosecution.

Although the need for drastic remedies and the use of the surgeon's knife to cut down the cancerous growth is urged by the author, he concludes:—

> We may have all the laws we want against bribery and corruption; they would be vain and unprofitable if the moral sense of the people does not back them. . . . To gather and consolidate and strengthen public opinion against corruption and to take effective action against it, anti-bribery leagues ought to be founded in India, one for all India in New Delhi and one in each of the States, formed and acting on the lines of the Anti-Bribery and Secret Commissions League in England.

THAT MIND, the divine, which . . . is the far-reaching light of all lights, . . . by which the active and the wise perform the duties in sacrifice and intellectual activities, that which is the wonder-being inside the beings, . . . that which directs men like a good charioteer directing the reins, . . . may that Mind of mine be of good intent.

—*Shivasankalpa*

Trs. V. RAGHAVAN: *The Indian Heritage*